

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

JULY 1, 1807.

THE

RIVAL MAGICIANS, OR RAISING THE SPIRIT.

MR. SATIRIST;

I THOUGHT all spirits had been long ago laid in the Red Sea, that all the diablerie of Monk Lewis and Co. was fabulous, and that the blue devils, which sometimes haunt us, were the creation of a splenetic imagination, the offspring of nervous impotence, and not beings existing independent of us, having free will and power to exercise their fantastic or malicious humours. But from what I have lately witnessed I begin to doubt the truth of what I had before thought so certain, and rather incline to believe the stories of my grandmother than the assertions of modern philosophers, whose works I intend to throw by, and in future study only the art and mystery of witchcraft, as expounded in that prodigy of human intellect, the *DÆMONOLOGIE* of our British Solomon, King James the First.

Indeed, when the whole nation is occupied in debating

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T. Ollivier, Printer, Crown-court.

the various qualities of different *spirits*, and the best mode of raising them, so as most to benefit the public, it would be an affectation of singularity, which is never an evidence of good sense, to pretend any longer a doubt of their existence, or of their influence in society

As in times of old the various heathen nations had their different divinities to whom they offered the more solemn and splendid sacrifices, and regarded with a higher veneration; as in the night of Roman superstition every one had his favourite saint to whom he peculiarly preferred his vows; as still, among the unenlightened nations of the South and of the West, some particular genius or spirit is looked up to with a higher degree of love and reverence—so among us, there is scarce any one who has not a decided preference for some particular spirit, though the spirit of *Old Tom* is undoubtedly almost an universal favourite, at least among the lower classes: and this preference is naturally accounted for by the circumstance of his being more easy to be raised than any of the other spirits, who never appear unless invoked by stronger powers than are, in general, in the possession, or at the command of common people.

I thought it necessary to premise thus much by way of introduction to the scene which I am about to describe, and which the sketch that accompanies this will serve further to illustrate.

I was passing the other evening through Westminster, when a considerable crowd at the door of a large building attracted my attention, and induced me to attempt to procure admission, for the purpose of discovering the object of their curiosity. I had no sooner entered than I was struck with the solemnity and awful gloom of the place. There was just light enough to render visible a strange and somewhat complicated apparatus, of which I could not at first comprehend the use. While I was consider-

ing the various parts, and endeavouring to guess the purposes to which they might be applied, a tall, majestic Black, clothed in a long vest, such as hath been said to be worn by magicians, entered the room, followed by several negro boys, bearing on their shoulders large bundles of SUGAR CANES. By the direction of their superior, whom I understood to be a magician, the negro boys placed the sugar canes in the furnace of the apparatus of which I have spoken, and set them on fire. At this moment rushed in, from the opposite side of the room, a spare meagre figure, mounted on an enormously fat sheep, and followed by a squire, who, though he was said to be *Young*, looked as old as *King Arthur*. This figure, as spare as Milton's *Sin*, and apparently as much the victim of the arts and sciences as Madame Genlis' SAINCLAIR,* raised his wand, which was crowned with an ear of *barley*, as if he intended to intimidate the black magician, and at the same time displayed a talisman, on which was depicted a starving Scotchman devouring his brogues for want of better food: and all the while his squire kept darting goose-quills at the black magician, which, though they hissed as they flew, fell harmless and ineffectual on the ground. The wand of the black magician was formed of sugar cane; in his hand he bore a talisman, exhibiting *John Bull* in all his glory, with beef and bread, and a full tankard of ale before him. Once, and twice, and thrice, he waved his wand. At the powerful summons OLD Tom appeared, attended by all his progeny: the spare magician's talisman was broken, and a paper fell from his belt, which was inscribed, "*How to keep up the price of corn.*" At the sight of this, those who were present uttered a loud cry of detestation and contempt; the spare

* See Sainclair, ou La Victime des Sciences et des Arts, par Mme. de Genlis. A Londres, 1808.

magician and his *Young* squire fled in confusion and dismay, and I retired to give you a description of the scene while the impression was still strong on my memory.

I am, Mr. Satirist, your's, &c.

THOMASO SCRUTINY.

SKETCH FOR A HISTORY OF ENGLISH WIT.

MR. SATIRIST,

It has often struck me with surprise, that amongst a people so celebrated for genuine wit and humour as the English, no attempt has been made to give a regular detail of their advancement, and the various shapes they have assumed; a method which would convey in the liveliest manner the characteristics of each age, and the most perfect idea of its temper and feeling. We have, indeed, many who have corked up great quantities of these volatile spirits under the names of jest books, *travels*, &c. but their compositions are like the *neat* wines made up of bottoms of bottles of all ages and qualities, heterogeneous mixtures, having no flavour of a peculiar soil or vintage, and only calculated for city apprentices and rustic *bon vivants*. There can be no doubt, as Plutarch observes, that we more readily conceive a man's character by a knowledge of his extempore sallies than a detail of his actions; since policy, ceremony, and many circumstances may give an unnatural bias to the latter, while wit and humour are the offspring of freedom, and often appear even in despite of prudence. If we extend this principle from individuals to nations, tracing a people from the court circle to the ballad-singers, and viewing them in their hours of relaxation, endeavouring to collect the *jeux d'esprits* of the day, and the leaves which have fallen from the tree of

knowledge, we shall undoubtedly become more thoroughly acquainted with their character than by a detail of the ravages of mobs and the intrigues of courtiers. This has been considered beneath the buskined dignity of history, which stalks over the heads of the vulgar, and condescends to be familiar only with princes. History opens the closets of kings and the *bedchambers* of courtiers; it presents a raree-show of fighting and intriguing, but neglects to trace the causes of fluctuations in popular character, which more often affect, instead of being affected by, political events. An history, therefore, of the people of this country, comprising a detailed view of their amusements and popular writings, would, in my opinion, be a work not only interesting in itself, but of considerable importance to our regal history, in developing the motives of many measures imperfectly understood at present. What a field lies open for the BLACK LETTER genii to range in! Methinks I see hundreds of literary kennel scrapers already raking in the mud of antiquity. I behold crowds of A.S.S.'s rushing to the British Museum, clouds of dust flying from the shelves, and myriads of worms shaken from their leafy tenements. I see each "lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose," toiling through musty folios, tracing the old English mummers in their progresses, determining the period of the introduction of the puppetshow, with the whole genealogy of Punch and his wife; and copious notes, shewing how, by a very natural transition, the vice of the old moralities was turned into the Devil. I foresee vast quantities of paper blotted with the history of fire-eaters and conjurers, and those legitimate children of fun and jocularity, Jack Puddings and Merry Andrews. Then follows a full, true, and particular account of the fertile period, from Queen Bess to the Revolution; informing us, how Dick Harvey hung Aristotle's effigy with a fool's cap on,

heels upward, to the school gates at Cambridge; how Tom Nash *quizzed* him; and how Tarlton, Billy Elderton, and Kit Marloe, made songs and jests on it; how Fletcher loved a joke and a fat loin of pork of all things in the world; how the booksellers' shops were filled with nothing but sermons, Dutch commentators, and "right merrie and welle conceited" epigrams; how every one was esteemed a fool who could not pen an epigram or trite couplet; and how epigrams were, consequently, as plenty as puns are now. Arriving at the quaint days of Cromwell, when the people had fallen into "a most humorous sadness," and making wry faces was an art not confined to itinerant Thespians; when, as Master Butler merrily records,

—"Pulpit drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,"

and poor Britannia, like Aristotle aforesaid, hung heels uppermost,—I foresee much scribbling *à la Scott*; a river of text flowing into an ocean of notes; a dead sea, extremely agreeable to *gentle* readers; where we pick up information like sea-weed, and are shewn how the saints were edified by "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," "A Shove for heavy-a——d Christians," and many other religious delicacies. What a resplendent period for some brilliant penman, unengaged with romances, old chronicles, and political pamphlets, next presents itself, when the dawn of that day appeared which succeeded the gloomy night of Cromwell's reign in the state watch-house; that jolly time, when "laugh and grow fat" was the royal motto; a precept most scrupulously obeyed by the loyal citizens of London in particular, who continued to follow the letter, if not the spirit, of the injunction, till time *eat* away the first part, and turtle superseded wit.

I turn from the galaxy of wits in the Carolian system to the planets which successively appeared, and gaze with delight till I behold them eclipsed by the moon. With regard to the numerous stars that have been blinking ever since, and twinkling through the *claire-obscur*, I should think it more advisable for some author accustomed to ephemeral publications to detail their history in numbers, as they appear either in a distinct work, or supplements to Moore's Almanac, the Beau Monde, or London Apprentices' and Shopman's Magazine, &c. In this manner the history of puns and quibbles may be brought down to Dibdin's time, with an account of the drama to the last ballet, which may include the progress of buffoonery, and a digression of a few hundred pages on the rise and utility of clap-traps. I will not at present, Mr. Satirist, trespass further on your pages, but reserve a few remarks on this subject for a future letter. I must, however, assure you, Sir, I feel proud in suggesting something *new* to the attention of our writers. I flatter myself my hints will not be thrown away; and trust Mr. Horace Twiss, or perhaps Charles Sedley, Esquire (since you have compelled him to give up the libel line), will no longer keep their candles under a bushel, or wrap their talents in newspapers and novels, but seize this opportunity of securing their names to posterity, and emulate the knight of the goosequill, who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gave rise to the following verses:

"Gryffyth Powell, for the *honour* of hur nation,
Made a book of Demonstration;
And finding nothing else to do,
Made a book of Elench's too."

A. B. C.

A CHARACTER.

 No. X.

In the first rank of England's Nobles placed,
 By England's proudest feudal honours graced ;
 Blest with large portion of her fair domains,
 Forests, and breezy hills, and fertile plains ;
 Ah ! N——k, what could tempt thy wayward mind
 To see thy name with such companions join'd ?
 To virtue lost, a servile, selfish crew,
 Art all their means, and rapine all their view ;
 Who while Ambition's sons, with giant pride,
 Their struggling country threat on every side,
 Distract her hopes with Faction's wild alarms,
 Impede her councils, and arrest her arms ;
 In the fond wish, for one short transient hour,
 To grasp with feeble hand the reins of power.
 When to loud tempest swells the freshening gale,
 And waves and winds the labouring bark assail ;
 When the rude shock her solid timber rives,
 And full on shore the shattered vessel drives ;
 Though those whom plunder's sordid hopes engage,
 With venal arm may aid the whirlwind's rage ;
 In horror wrapp'd the wretched owner stands,
 And pours the heartfelt sigh, and wrings his hands.
 But you away the various bounties throw
 Which honours, titles, riches, can bestow.
 Our freeborn bands, that W——m may disarm,
 G——lle Irene's sons from Britain charm ;
 Young P-tty caper in the courtly ring,
 And misanthropic G—y instilt his King :
 N——k be warn'd ; and if you must disgrace
 The well-earn'd honours of an ancient race,

Rather the fame of coachmen, jockies share,
Yourself a *jockey* in your dress and air,
Than join the projects of a miscreant train,
Whom coachmen and whom *jockies* may disdain.

WE have received at our office an EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE, entitled the OLYMPIC REGISTER, from which we have made the following extracts.

OLYMPUS.

We are sorry to state that the Republic of Letters is in great confusion. By the last accounts the people were much dissatisfied with their rulers the Critics, who seem determined to oppose them, having established a new magazine, and been extremely strict in their *reviews*. One of our letters, dated Parnassus, the 1st inst. mentions, that a party of insurgents had been defeated by General Saturos Meteora, with his regiment of sharpshooters. Many of them had laid down their pens, and retired to their garrets. Six of the ringleaders, who had been concerned in the murder of Common Sense, were taken, and hung up *in terrorem*.

There has been a great rise in the price of Spirits, though they are as plentiful as ever, which has heightened the popular discontent. Report says, that in one city several thousand young women assembled in a riotous manner, and hung three circulating librarians; but this wants confirmation. *Attic salt* is extremely scarce, so that it is feared very few works of the present generation will be *preserved*.

Yesterday arrived the Walter, — Scott, of Leith, heavily laden with dry goods; by his log-book we learn

he has brought a greater number of notes than has ever been known, except a Dutch vessel some time back. It was first reported at Parnassus he had brought bills, which (but on what account we cannot pretend to say) occasioned a great ferment. The Cornelius, — Crambo, of London, with a cargo of cutlery, was on her passage. A funny was lost, last Easter, by running foul of a jolly-boat: she had nothing but a few dry jokes on board. A vessel, seemingly a *smaek*, was seen yesterday half seas over, without a rudder, supposed driven out of her latitude; some old people thought she had not a soul in her.

An odd fish was picked up a few days ago by a party of pleasure; they have called it a punster, and found it very good at table.

INFERNAL REGIONS.

Last night arrived fifty suicides from the island of Albion; more are expected in the course of the day.

Yesterday a new boat was launched on the Styx for the use of Charon, the old having been rendered unserviceable by oversetting with a broad-bottomite.

We stop the press to announce the arrival of a dispatch from the Emperor Napoleon, brought by ten thousand Spaniards. They have brought the ratification of a treaty between King Pluto and the Emperor. The Spaniards are quartered along with the Turks of Jaffa.

Queen Proserpine had a masquerade last Sunday, which was crowded with fashionables. Autolycus and his gang were too successful, although Cerberus was on the watch.

ADVERMISEMENT.—Lost last Sunday, at the masquerade, in the dark walks, by an old lady of seventy, a very good second-hand reputation; had a few scratches on one side, and a crack on the other. It is supposed to have been taken by mistake.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Crim. Con.—Vulcan v. Mars.

This was a trial which excited considerable interest, and we had determined to fill our paper with the report of it, and deferred the news of the day ; but unfortunately the court was so excessively crowded, at a very early hour, by nymphs and satyrs, that our reporter was unable to gain admittance. Our readers may depend on the most *minute* detail of it to-morrow.

The remainder is a confused mass of puffs, jests, scandal, and new inventions; one of which, improving on Aristotle's idea, who is said to have determined the musical scale by listening to blacksmiths at work, proposed that the rising generation of Cyclops should be trained to harmonic knocking, by which means we might be amused with duettos on horse shoes, and solos on tenpenny nails.

CLERICAL QUERIES.

MR. SATIRIST,

As I should be unwilling to entertain, much less to give publicity to, a bad opinion of any man, permit me to submit the following queries, relative to the clerical character, to your impartiality ; and, according to your decision, let me request you to insert them, or not, in your next publication, where they will stand *in terrorem* to a reader of the SATIRIST, who little thinks that by a perseverance in his present conduct, your mirror is likely to reflect *him* as the "*hic niger est*" to those who are desirous of avoiding not merely the censure, but the contempt of the world. A consciousness of being observed may recal him to a sense of what he owes to his friends, to his profession, and to himself ; and by effecting this you will

add to the obligation which is already conferred by your exertions in the cause of common decency, no less than of public morality.

Is it *clerical* to be noted for making more by horse jobbing than by two good livings, the income of which, on an accurate calculation, is more than is attained to by *one* clergyman in *four hundred*?

Is it *clerical*, when dining with, or entertaining, a farmer on Sunday at dinner, on the summons for afternoon's service, to express wonder how any man can be so d—d a fool as to go to church that can help it?

Is it *clerical*, when remonstrated with by a daughter for improper conduct with her maid, to beat her to such a degree as to compel her to leave his house and a mother almost distracted?

If these principles assimilate with yours, Mr. Satirist, forgive the trouble occasioned by an old fashioned

June 12, 1808. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

THERE is scarce any method adopted by the teachers of the new philosophy to disseminate the poison of their principles, that appears more likely to be successful with the unwary and inexperienced, than that of describing in a favourable point of view persons of notoriously profligate and abandoned lives, and whose characters ought, therefore, to be held up to public detestation: the *crimes* of these persons are *mildly* denominated *errors*; and a few favourable propensities are largely descanted upon, in order to keep out of sight the general licentiousness and immorality which marked their conduct. An example of this species of *improvement in biography* is very properly

noticed by you in your review of a work entitled "the private History of the Court of England," in which Maria de Rosenvault (*alias* Mrs. Robinson, *alias* Perdita) is described as if her errors had been so ameliorated by the finest virtues of the soul, that they scarce deserved the harsh name of crimes. Sorry I am to say, Mr. Satirist, that this affectation of tenderness for the errors (as they are termed) of the profligate and abandoned is gaining ground among us, especially in high life, within the sphere of which all vicious propensities are so mollified, all criminal pursuits are so softened down, that no inexperienced person could possibly suppose any man or woman in the fashionable circles guilty of a single crime. Does a married woman desert her husband, and fly to the arms of a libertine—the harshest term used to express this enormity is, in the fashionable world, "she has made a little *faux pas*." Should a man of fashion ruin his family by gaming, and every kind of extravagance and dissipation—"he was *unfortunately* fond of play, and a *very good* creature, no one's enemy but his own." In short, every vice, crime, and enormity, according to the phraseology of the modern philosopher's dictionary, is an *error*, a *frailty*, or a *failing*, while the distribution of an occasional guinea to a public charity is a sufficient title (with these "accurate biographers") to the epithets of "the most benevolent heart in the world, open as day to melting charity."

I should think unjustly of the good sense of my fellow-countrymen, did I suppose that in the 19th century they were all so weak as to be thus misled by an *ignis fatuus*, and to give consent to such gross perversions of language as we every day are obliged to encounter. No, Sir, if I am not mistaken (aye, and very much mistaken indeed), the plain common sense of Englishmen (of such as deserve that name) is not to be thus imposed upon; they are not

to be induced, on the *ipse dixit* of these new modellers of words and phrases, to call vice virtue, infamy honour, a prostitute a female possessing the finest virtues of the soul, and a desperate gambler an unfortunate man with the best heart in the world; and though the persons so described may think that their crimes are skinned over by this "flattering unction," a day will come in which they will know, to their sorrow, that the *name* of the offence does not lessen its *enormity*; and that though they may blind or deceive a few mortals, *there is a Power not to be deceived*, in whose eyes their crimes must ever appear in their true light.

Your work, Mr. Satirist, is intended to reform the morals of the age; this cannot be done till all deceptions are removed, and their authors exposed; plain language must be used, and though some ears may be offended, yet true and virtuous men will hail you as the guardian of your country's morals; and the jargon of a pretended delicacy and tenderness for the failings of our fellow-creatures, will no longer be permitted to usurp the place of reason and

May 30, 1808.

PLAIN COMMON SENSE.

ODE TO THE GREAT DOCTOR SOLOMON:

PREPARER OF THE "CORDIAL BALM OF GILEAD;" "THE AB-
STERGENT LOTION," &c. &c. AND AUTHOR OF "THE GUIDE
TO HEALTH," AND OTHER VALUABLE WORKS.*

HAIL, thou great lamp of medicinal light!

Diffuser of pure pharmacopic knowledge!

Whose wick of wisdom, burning ever bright,

Eclipses far the *rushlights* of the college!

* The *modest* Doctor's own words. (*Mem.* Not a word about Peter Pangloss with his "On their own merits," &c.)

Pleas'd have I seen, in due diurnal print,
 Long lists of cures, which ne'er should be forgotten,
 (Maugre the use of plaster, salve, or lint,)
 And bones made whole, erewhile—*decayed and rotten!!!**

Though Envy sneer, and Malice point her dart,
 And Prejudice (that child of *Whim* and *Notion*),
 Deride the labours of thy happy art, †
 And to the de'el consign both *balm* and *lotion*;

Despise the *ducks*; ‡ their little rage defy,
 Shew thy *diploma*, § most renowned physician!
 Proclaim thy cures; how many a blinded eye
 Hath op'd, at length, to see—*thine imp*****n!!* ||

Right well thou knew'st what could the dying cheer,
 Comfort the *hippish*, make the coward bold,
 (And Envy's self will give thee credence here),
 Was *gold*; pure, unsophisticated *gold!* ¶

* A very common effect of the "*cordial balm*." Unfortunately I have not at present any copy at hand of the Doctor's "*valuable works*," from whence to make an extract; but if the reader be in the habit of perusing the papers, doubtless he has often been gratified with authentic accounts of the learned Doctor's skill. To use again his own emphatic language, "*the cordial balm of Gilead strikes at the root, and not at the branches; by which peculiar means it effects a cure—when other medicines fail!*"—See that *valuable and learned work*, (further extracts from which may, perhaps, embellish some subsequent pages of the SATIRIST) vulgarly called *Solomon's pamphlet*!

† No allusion to the "*Art of SWINDLING*," mentioned in the SATIRIST, vol. ii. p. 132.

‡ Why "*ducks*?" Would not *geese* be a more appropriate term? or has the former epithet any allusion to the *songs* of these aquatic gentry?

§ See the "*work*" before quoted.

|| Our copy being rather foul, we are at a loss to discover the author's meaning. *If gentlemen will be so careless as not to revise their copies, we cannot be answerable for their errors!*—EDITOR (in a huff.).

¶ Observe. The Doctor says, that one principal ingredient in the

One Solomon of old, as hist'ries shew,
 The wisest of mankind hath e'er been reckoned ;
 But future generations, Sir, must know,
Our happy age boasts—Solomon the Second !

No golden spur provokes my friendly verse ;
 By Virtue led, my stump-worn pen I brandish ;
 Gladly I'll spend (thy merits to rehearse)—
The last sad drop that hardens in my standish !!

No need I ask ; my pride would take offence,
 Should aught by way of *recompence* be offered ;
 So modest I, that it would shock my sense,
 Should any thing so grovelling be proffered.

But, troth, great Sir, I own I *have* a friend,
 Once hale and hearty, but now ever ailing ;
 To whom, I pray, thy kind assistance lend,
 For, ah ! I fear his *vitals*, Sir, are *failing* !

Ask you his *name* ? Alas ! with poignant sorrow,
 And look of agony extremely *furce*
 (This word from *Kemble's* lexicon I borrow,)
 I am constrained to answer—'tis my *purse* !!

Long has it labour'd 'neath a sore *decline* ;
 (To *wish* amendment were almost presumption,)
 And now, believe me, Sir, it *gars* me whine,
 To find it in—a *galloping consumption* !

Here is a glorious field to shew your skill ;
 More honour than to combat cough or phthisie :
 O give relief, dear Doctor !—what you will !
 Give, give it any thing—*except your physic* !

cordial balm is GOLD !! What wonder, then, that it is so *costly*, if it
 be so *rich* ?

MR. TABART AND SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

The Public have learned, from the Daily Papers, the event of the actions which Mr. Tabart was *induced* to bring against the Publisher and Printer of the SATIRIST, it would, therefore, be superfluous to give here a succinct account of the trials, however gratifying it might be to our own private feelings; but we cannot refrain from submitting a few observations on the subject to the notice of our Readers. In the Prospectus of our Work, we appealed to the world, as the avowed enemies of vice and folly, and pledged ourselves to lash with inexorable rigor every thing which tended to corrupt the taste or vitiate the morals of the public. Our labors had scarcely commenced, ere our attention was called to the publications of Mr. Tabart, many of which we conceived to be of a nature highly injurious to the rising generation, as tending not only to impress the infant mind with horrific images, and to excite vain alarms, but also as being peculiarly adapted to inspire a contempt of veracity, and to awaken ideas adverse to the cause of chastity and virtue: we, therefore, with the view of deterring parents from purchasing such books, published some verses in caricature of them, and commented with due severity on the impropriety of such trash being put into the hands of infants.* For this, Mr. Tabart was prevailed upon to commence two separate actions against the Publisher and Printer of the SATIRIST.

It may now be necessary for us to adduce a few extracts from some of Mr. Tabart's "*Nursery Tales*," in support of our opinion as to their impropriety; and, in the first place, we solicit the attention of our Readers to that *sublime* production "*Hop-o'-my-Thumb*," the opening of which is well calculated to excite certain ideas as to causes and effects:—

* Perhaps no person has contributed more to amend the morals of youth than the amiable Mrs. Trimmer, and she also has strongly reprobated many of Mr. Tabart's publications, in her most useful work, entitled, "*The Guardian of Education*."—See the Review of "*Bible Stories*," &c."

“ There once lived in a village (says this author) a faggot-maker and his wife, who had seven children, all boys; the eldest was no more than *ten* and the youngest only *seven*. It was *odd enough*, to be sure, that they should have had so many children in such a *short time*; but, the truth is, his wife *often brought him two at a time*.” Page 1.—As this Author seems so anxious to explain “ the *why and the wherefore*” to his Nursery Readers, *why* did not he inform them *how* Mrs. Thumb managed, even by *having two at a time*, to produce seven children in *three years*? Mr. and Mrs. Thumb being very poor and very *humane*, could not bear to see their little ones “ *an hunger’d*,” they therefore conscientiously resolved to lose them in a wood, that they might either be starved to death, or devoured by wild beasts. (A fine moral this!) *Hop-o’-my-Thumb*, however, led them all back, and papa and mama, having been paid two guineas which was owed them by a “ *great Gentleman*,” were very glad to see them; but, the money being expended, the poor little things were again turned out to starve; and, after wandering about a long time, arrived at the house of an Ogre, or Child-Eater, the following description of whose daughters must prove highly instructive to the inhabitants of the nursery.—“ The young Ogresses had fair skins, because they fed on raw flesh, like their father: they were too young as yet to do much mischief, but they shewed, that, if they lived to be as old as their father, they would grow quite as cruel as he was; for, they took pleasure already in *biting* young children, and *sucking their blood*.”—To render this little work *strictly moral*, *Hop-o’-my-Thumb* causes the father to murder his seven daughters, and obtains riches by telling a falsehood and committing a robbery!”—Of the same nature is the tale of *Blue Beard*, and numerous others; but we are convinced that our Readers, after perusing the following extract from “ *The Sleeping Beauty*,” will require no farther proofs of the pernicious tendency of some of Mr. Tabart’s juvenile publications: — “ There were once upon a time a King and Queen, who had no child, which made them very unhappy indeed: but they hoped, by

some means or other, to have one in time, and so they went to consult all the fairies they could hear of; and besides this, they *tried every thing they could*, but in vain." Page 1.—We refrain from all comment upon this paragraph,—every parent must perceive the ill effects which it is calculated to produce on the infant mind, and will agree with Mr. Garrow,* that such publications are as deleterious to the rising generation as the works of Mr. M. G. Lewis are to those of a maturer age. We believe Mr. Tabart to be a weak in-offensive man, but we know that he is, unfortunately for himself, under the influence of a person, whose pompous ignorance we despise, whose principles we abhor, and in whose enmity we glory. In the same Number of the SATIRIST, which contained our Strictures on Mr. Tabart's Juvenile Library, we reviewed a pamphlet published by Mr. Blore, in which he exposed a few of Mr. (now Sir Richard) Phillips's dishonorable, not to say *dishonest*, tricks; and we concluded our strictures with the following piece of advice: "Mr. Phillips should recollect, that a good name may be easily lost, but that a bad one can neither be expunged by water nor destroyed by fire."†

The exasperated and silly sheriff, whom nature has gifted with no superabundance of brains, declared, as we have been informed, that we meant, by the above and one or two other observations, to accuse him of *burning his house*. Now we appeal to the good sense of our Readers, if it is probable that we should venture to insinuate, that a man, who had gone through so many changes, — who had practised the arts and mysteries of astrologer, schoolmaster, printer, stocking-maker, bookseller, and many other *arts*, not to be mentioned here,—who had visited all the Jails in the metropolis,—had contested a point of law with the Chief-Justice,—and who never was imprisoned *but once*;—we repeat, is it probable that we should venture to insinuate that such a man had been guilty of the odious crime of setting fire to his house? No; let the inhabitants of Leicester promulgate what they will,

* See Mr. Garrow's admirable Speech,—Tabart *versus* Tipper.

† Vide SATIRIST, No. III. page 205.

we are resolved never to publish any thing that we cannot prove to be correct. We were about to state that Sir Rich. Phillips had visited the jail in Cold-Bath-Fields, that he had addressed a letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, and that he was hooted and hissed at when he attempted to speak at the late election for an Alderman of Coleman-Street-Ward; but we dare not do so, lest the *weak child of vanity* should accuse us of insinuating that he wishes to be elected a member for the City, that his motives were "*ad captandum vulgus*" and self-interest, and that he is an odious and contemptible character; we must, however, briefly state, that, on the subject of his visit to Cold-Bath-Fields, we have some *rich anecdotes* in store,—that his Letter to Sir Samuel was a proof that his *hack-authors* (of which he has a numerous stud) can sometimes write common-sense, and that we think it would have been more proper if the Electors of Coleman-Street-Ward had heard the Sheriff speak before they commenced hooting and hissing. Why the Lord-Mayor, whom every body allows to be a respectable and honorable man, turned his back on Sir Richard, is to us as great a mystery as the fire at Leicester.

Having consulted divers persons, learned in the law, as to the possibility of prosecuting printer, publisher, author, and editor, for the supposed libel on his immaculate purity; and, finding that the thing was not *feasible*, the enraged Sheriff immediately bethought him of a stalking-horse, by whose assistance he hoped mortally to wound all parties concerned in the offending work. Poor Tabart, being under certain *obligations* to him, was selected for the purpose.—Actions were immediately commenced, damages laid at £1000* in each; and, on the morning of that auspicious day when our beloved sovereign completed his 70th year, Mr. Tabart was enriched by the verdict of twelve honest and good men, who awarded him *One Shilling Damages*. What he lost besides his

* Sir Richard once said, that Tabart and his Attorney were d——d Fools not to have laid their damages at 2000*l*.—One thousand, however, proved to be more than enough by 999*l*. 19*s*.

temper we cannot exactly determine, all we know is, that he and his attorney

“Had well nigh gone to loggerheads in Court.”

A messenger had been dispatched by Sir Richard Phillips to learn the event of this portentous trial; who, while the anxious Knight was decorating his “elegant and airy form,” to adorn the Drawing-room at St. James’s, (where London Sheriffs, black or white, must go,*) arrived from Westminster-Hall, and informed him of the *enormous* damages which the Jury had given. — Reader! have you ever seen an exasperated old woman disappointed of some petty vengeance which the malice of her narrow mind had planned? If you have, you may perhaps form some idea of the ridiculous rage of the infuriated Sir Richard. Divers were the acrimonious epithets which he applied to us, and manifold the curses which he uttered: he swore by ——— he would never publish another book,† if RASCALLY REVIEWERS‡ were thus to escape with impunity; and, such was the effect of his disappointment, that he almost forgot that those dear delights of his little soul, his civic chariot|| and orange-liveried hackney-

* “*Utrum sit albus an ater homo.*”—CATULLUS CA. 89.

We have given the sentence in English for the benefit of Sir Richard Phillips, and other unlearned Readers.

† Ye hungry herd of hackney scribblers, whose genius, paste, and scissars, are employed in the manufacturing of wares for Sir Richard’s shop, hear this resolve and tremble!—Redouble your servile exertions!—Praise him in sonnets, elegies, and acrostics; nay, even sacrifice the veracity of sober prose to flatter him;—swear that he never hired a mob to draw his carriage, — that humanity is his ruling passion,—that loyalty is his idol,—and that he is beloved and respected by all his fellow-citizens. Your case is desperate, and heaven may forgive the falsehoods.

‡ Mr. Garrow, in the course of the trial, stated, that a certain bookseller once took a legal opinion, whether he could not punish a Reviewer for saying one of his publications was *stupid*; and, finding he could not, declared that, since other Critics would not praise his books, he would publish a review of his own; we do not know that Mr. Garrow alluded to Sir Richard, but we do know that the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Oxford Review* (which recently died of a decline) always commended whatever nonsense issued from his shop in Bridge-street.

|| The following anecdote, which we heard from good authority, may prove how vain the silly knight is of these gingerbread attributes of his office. The son

horses, and hackney-footmen, were ready to convey him to St. James's. How many sleepless nights Sir Richard may have passed in consequence, Lady Phillips can more accurately determine than ourselves.

SIR RICHARD;

OR

THE ORANGE KNIGHT.

A ROMANCE.

Extracted from a Manuscript Folio of Romances, lately found near the Scite of the OLD PLAY-HOUSE, in BLACKFRIARS.

King.—What is thy name?

Phil.—PHILIP, my liege.

King.—Kneel thou down, PHILLIP, but arise more great;
ARISE SIR RICHARD!

Phil.—What!—I am dubbed!—I have it on my shoulder!

Well, now I can make any Joan a Lady!—

'Good den, Sir Richard!'—'God-a'-mercy, fellow;'

And, if his name be George, I'll call him Peter

For, new-made honor doth forget men's names: }

'Tis too respective and too sociable

For your conversing.—Now your traveller,

of an author belonging to his *stud* was employed by a certain respectable committee to make a drawing of some projected improvements in the City. Sir Richard thought this would be a glorious opportunity of handing his obscure name* down to posterity; he, therefore requested the artist to introduce his chariot and liveries into the picture. This being agreed to, the two *state-servants* were ordered to proceed to Long-Acre, and get up behind the carriage, that their portraits might be correctly taken. When this was done, the artist observed, that it would also be necessary to paint the horses, but one of the footmen sagaciously replied, that, as they were only *hackneys*, he supposed his master thought any other horses would do as well: four imaginary steeds were therefore introduced, and Sir Richard's foolish vanity completely gratified.

* Some doubts have arisen as to the real name of this ridiculous Knight:—not many years ago, a man much resembling him both in person and principles, kept a petty school in the County of Cheshire, whence (for divers good causes) he suddenly disappeared.—His name, however, was not Richard Phillips, but *Philip Richards*.

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
 And, when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
 Why then I suck my teeth and catechise
 My piked man of countries.—*My Dear Sir,*
 (Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—that is Question now:
 And then comes Answer, like an A B C book.
 ‘O Sir,’ says Answer, ‘at your best command;
 ‘At your employment; at your service, Sir!’
 ‘No, Sir,’ says Question, ‘I, sweet Sir, at your’s:’
 And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment,
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
 For he is but a bastard to the time
 That does not smack of observation.
And so am I, whether I smack or no:—
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet, poison for the age’s tooth,—
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

SHAKESPEARE’S KING JOHN, Act I, Sc. 1.

Though many illustrious knights, whose great achievements are recorded in the annals of fame, and whose memory is enshrined in the bosom of beauty, have sprung up like mushrooms in the world, self-born, having no parents, no nurse but nature; yet, as in this history we mean to set down nought but truth, the splendid deeds of the *Orange Knight* not requiring the aid of fiction to give them lustre, we shall not pretend to avouch, that he was born out of the common way; particularly as it is certain that he had a mother at least, the fact being ascertained beyond all controversy, by a dream which his mother had before he was born;

and farther, by a circumstance which is recorded to have taken place at his birth: which dream, as it will serve to shew how true a picture such visions do oftentimes present of futurity, and more particularly those, in which the fates of illustrious personages are typified, we shall here, for the information of the curious reader, set down:—

One night, then, as it was near the time, when, according to the course of nature, he should be born, his mother lying asleep, and alone in her bed, dreamed that she was delivered of a *hog in armour*. Presently the armour seemed to become *red-hot*, and the hog was nearly roasted; but, he escaped from this, and crept into a large *worsted stocking*, which, suddenly closing upon him, as if by magic, he appeared to be in danger of being stifled or starved;—but presently several stitches dropping, made what is known to the vulgar by the name of a *louse-ladder*, and up this ladder the hog crawled to a *MAGAZINE*, well stored with grain, where he fed daintily till he grew fat and wanton. At this, his fond mother was sorely troubled in her dream, thinking, no doubt, that, now he was fat, the hog would be killed. But, in the midst of her apprehensions, he appeared to undergo a sudden change, and was transformed into a mountebank. He was surrounded by a number of magicians, who prepared for him talismans inscribed with strange characters, which he presently converted into gold. Then appeared a fine gilded chariot, adorned with curious devices, drawn by stately horses all bedecked with *orange* ribbons, and attended by many tall goodly footmen, all arrayed in *orange* liveries. In this, he was drawn to a palace, where there was a gallant assemblage of lords and ladies, and there was he by the king dubbed a knight. At this, the whole court did laugh so loud, that with the noise the dreaming mother awoke, and, for a time, could scarcely persuade herself that it was indeed but a vision of her distempered fancy, so near a semblance did it bear to reality.

So troubled was the mother with this strange vision, not knowing whether to interpret it as portending good or evil to her infant, though the end seemed to promise fair, that his birth was something hastened: upon which, the gossips re-

marked, that his hurry to come into the world betokened his future activity.

But of all the eventful circumstances which attended the birth of the illustrious infant, that which most deserves to be recorded remains yet to be told. There was a little wrinkled old woman in a russet gown and red cloak, who sate in one corner of the room, and was taken for one of the good dame's neighbours and gossips. No sooner was the infant born, and shewed his lustyhood by the vigour of his cry, than this same little wrinkled old woman in the russet gown and the red cloak, taking him from the midwife, and looking curiously in his face, cried out, in a shrill clear voice, in these words following: "When a great officer of a great city shall give a great and dainty feast to the greatest and daintiest feeders in the world, and he, the master of the feast, shall eat himself, of all this great and dainty feast, nothing but *potatoes*, then shall this infant be made a Knight: and the steps by which he shall mount to greatness shall be A, B, C."

The good dame and the gossips could not withhold their laughter at this strange discourse, of which they could not understand the meaning; and thought it to be only the prittle prattle which nurses do use to babes: for they did imagine the little wrinkled old woman in the russet gown and the red cloak to be no other than their neighbour, GOODY GOOSE; for such, indeed, she seemed. And they laughed the more, because she spoke of a citizen at a city feast eating only potatoes, which seemed to them more extravagant to think, and more unlikely to come to pass, than for a hog to refuse pig's nuts. In the midst of this laughter, howbeit, the little wrinkled old woman disappeared; for, in truth, she was not GOODY GOOSE, but the good fairy BUMBY; and how truly her

prophecy was verified, even to the letter, will be seen in the sequel.

• • • • •

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CANTAB.

No. IV.

THERE is nothing more injurious to the interests of the university of Cambridge than its systematic contempt of English literature. While the more abstruse parts of mathematics are cultivated with an enthusiasm at once imprudent and ridiculous, the more useful and popular branches of human knowledge are despised or neglected. Every assistance and encouragement is afforded to the votary of mathematical science, while the man who excels in the art of literary composition, and whose name and writings will probably survive when the silent drudgeries of his contemporaries are forgotten, is suffered to waste the period of his residence at the university without one act of pecuniary assistance, or a single mark of attention or respect from the *dignified* members of his college. There is no instance of any man being elected to a fellowship, or any profitable office in consequence of his literary abilities. The poetical elegance of Smyth, or the critical sagacity of Porson, lose all their splendor and their dignity when placed in competition with the practical readiness of Farish, and the analytical obscurity of Woodhouse. The few who are able to appreciate the *value*, or estimate the *excellence* of their abilities, are either too timid, or too

weak to elude or to oppose the violence of popular opinion.

The rank which a kingdom holds in the literary world is not determined by its eminence in science, but by the number and the excellence of its poets and historians. The discoveries of one mathematician are succeeded by the labours of another; and the height to which any nation arrives in natural or metaphysical philosophy is eclipsed by the superior splendor of succeeding empires. But the works of the poet and historian possess a value independent of time or circumstance. They relate events about which every man feels some degree of curiosity, and delineate passions and express feelings which are common to every age and people. The works of Homer, Cicero, and Virgil, are admired as the noblest productions of human genius, while the treatises of Theon and Commandine are left to the solitary raptures of a Cambridge philosopher.

The critics of the metropolis, by whom all literary fame must be finally granted or denied, are more willing to judge of a university by its proficiency in the belles lettres than by the number and eminence of its mathematicians. They are more disposed to applaud the taste and ingenuity of him who is able to recommend trifles by novelty of thought and eloquence of expression, than the drudgery of him who produces a *quarto* of useless information, disgraced by the prolixity of its arrangement, and the deformities of the language in which it is conveyed. They justly consider either Johnson or Gibbon as a greater benefactor to his country than all the mathematicians who have existed since the time of Newton; and are more willing to encourage the efforts of ingenuity and elegance than the barren and unprofitable labours of a Cambridge wrangler.

We do not mean, however, by these observations to cen-

sure the attention of the university to *mathematics*; we only lament that this attention is exclusive. We conceive it possible that some encouragement might be afforded to literary talent, without at all departing from the established system of education, and without injustice to those who have distinguished themselves in the *senate house*. To those who consider with what difficulty a habit of accurate and elegant composition is acquired, what extent of reading and observation are required to write even the most trifling essay with tolerable elegance, and how many of those who employ the early part of their lives in attempting literary composition, are at last obliged to relinquish their labours in despair, it will not appear that the acquisition of such an accomplishment is a more uncertain proof of application than the less popular and more abstruse acquirements of mathematicians.

Nothing can be a more convincing proof of the impolicy of such neglect than the strange and ridiculous compositions which daily appear under the sanction of the university. Whatever may be the value of the learning displayed in Wrangham's Sermons, with regard to style they are utterly contemptible. Mr. Plumptre's pamphlets are equally remarkable for barrenness of thought, and inelegance of language. The productions of Mr. Vince contain some mathematical information, obscured by a style at once affected and inaccurate. The Seatonian Prize Poems, and Hulsean and Norrissian Essays are, with the exception of those of Mr. Manit and Mr. Durham, far inferior to the weekly themes that are composed by the Blue Coat boys of Christ's Hospital. Of Dr. Milners' publications it will be sufficient to say, that the absurdities of their doctrines is far from being recommended by any beauties of composition. The other works that have been lately published at Cambridge are (with the exception of the Saunterer and Hodgson's Juvenal) too contemptible for notice.

If the members of the university have a real regard for the interests of learning and religion, let them cultivate with peculiar care those branches of education which can recommend the one, and enforce the other. Let them endeavour to convey instruction through the medium of amusement, and to repel the attacks of the infidel by the same weapons which have rendered the philosophy of Hume and the learning of Gibbon so dangerous to the ignorant, and so pleasing to the scholar. We would all be rather delighted than instructed; and he will most effectually promote the cause of virtue and christianity who adorns his reasonings with the graces of elegant composition.

L.

As a specimen of the progress usually made by an undergraduate of Cambridge in English literature, we shall present the reader with the following theme, which was composed on the subject of the preceding paper. It was shewn to the tutor, and declared to be a very creditable essay.

“ ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD COMPOSITION.

“ 1. There is nothing more true, than that the possession of a good composition is very advantageous.

“ 2. Because, perhaps, it will procure for us a great many friends, as well as a good appellation by all who know us.

“ 3. Authors, both ancient and modern, justly say, that the art of composing our works elegantly is a great acquisition.

“ 4. Let us, therefore, endeavour to obtain a good composition in all things, as, if we do, we shall be glad of it in our old age.”

JOHN WHO LAUGHS AND JOHN WHO CRIES.

 AN IRREGULAR POEM.

 THE IDEA FROM M. DE VOLTAIRE.

In the morning, my stomach o'erloaded with bile,
 My spirits depress'd, and my appetite low ;
 I remember that life is but trouble and toil,
 And the ways of mankind but a series of woe :

Worldly snares,

Worldly cares,

Worldly tears,

Worldly fears,

All rush on my mind as uneasy I lie,
 And though (perhaps) distant, I fancy them nigh,
 And I cry !!!

But when in the evening assembled to dine,
 With a few jolly friends and a frolicsome lass,
 I enjoy my roast beef,* and I relish my wine,
 And we joke and we sing as the bumpers we pass ;

From care free,

Mirth and glee,

Song and tale,

Now prevail,

And I chase away care with old Momus' staff,
 And I fancy (though drunk) I'm too sober by half,
 And I laugh !!!

* Voltaire treats *his* friends with "perdrix," but I could not help imagining that *mine* would prefer—ROAST BEEF.

The supper removed, each retires to his rest,
Though in vain I essay my dull eyelids to close ;
In MORPHEUS' stead, THOUGHT intrudes as a guest,
And confused MEDITATION impedes my repose :
Now methinks I behold,
Foreign states bought and sold,
And a merciless tyrant o'erawing the world ;
Each nation's alarmed,
All Europe is armed,
And the blood-distained standard of man is unfurled.
At scenes such as these my heart heaves a sigh,
And I cry !!!

Then with pleasure I turn from so sad a review,
To a theme more adapted my senses to please ;
On Old England I think, and in fancy pursue
The fugitive squadrons of France on the seas :
In my mind's eye apace
I gain on the chase,
'Till the signal t' engage them to windward is made,
Exulting we near
Their centre and rear,
And the valour of Britons anew is displayed.
Having gained the *weather-gage*,
Closer, closer, we engage,
'Till our daring seamen cry,
They strike, they sink, they fly !
In idea I pursue them, and capture them half,
And I laugh !!!

Exhausted, at length, I compose me to sleep,
Though in dreams I my powers of feeling possess
At imagined distress ; still unconscious I weep,
Though my heart bounds with joy at another's success.

In the morning I rise, and the papers peruse,
 Filled with parliament speeches and parliament news;
 And the vain declamations of Windham survey,
 And smile at the folly of Petty and Grey.

These *patriots* protest
 They're the wisest and best :

ALL THE TALENTS in town

They claim as their own,

While Wh.....d and T-mples, and Gr-nv-lls and I!
 Unblushingly sanction the palpable lie.

Enraged at their arrogance, falsehood, and pride,
 Indignant I throw the vile paper aside,

And I cry!!!

While thus with just passion and anger I burn,
 With joy to the SATIRIST's pages I turn;
 And behold with delight his lash well applied
 To an *infidel's** back, or *false patriot's* hide;

In Virtue's cause bold,

I his Meteor behold,

Exposing the men

Who religion condemn,

Who would trample on King, Constitution, and Laws,
 And then dare t' assert—'tis the *national cause*;

Who rail against Ministers, *envy their places*,

And swear that with ruin the state they'll o'erwhelm.
 Poor fellows! I really must laugh in their faces;

Don't you see that they want to get charge of the helm?
 But all will not do—JOHN's too cunning by half,
 And at knaves such as you he's determin'd—

To laugh!!!

* Vide SATIRIST, No. VII. vol. ii. detailing the conduct of a D. D.
 at Hereford races.

Thus of grief and rejoicing I still have my share,
I sometimes taste sorrow, and sometimes delight ;
And may all, who've their mornings o'erclouded with care,
Like me, meet contentment and pleasure at night.

JOHN BULL.

~~~~~  
*For the Satirist.*

ON THE PENAL LAWS OF ENGLAND.

~~~~~  
"Salus populi suprema lex esto."

~~~~~  
MR. SATIRIST,

THE luminous point of view in which that sound lawyer and truly good man, Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY, has recently placed our PENAL LAWS, attracts our gaze, and fixes our attention. That, in its own due time, Parliament will sanction at least some modification of the British sanguinary code, is more than barely probable; humanity demands the sacrifice to mercy, and justice will, no doubt, admit the claim.

In a publication like yours, Sir, where the grand leading object of pursuit is *the investigation of truth*, by the manly exercise of reason, each of your candid correspondents expects a liberal construction of his lucubrations from your numerous readers: if they commend, he will find cause to rejoice; if they disapprove, he may expect to be set right.—*Hanc veniam petimusque damusque ticissim.*

Were I not convinced of the fairness of this position, I should hardly have presumed to address the SATIRIST upon a subject, at once so difficult in its nature, and so important in its consequences, as that which is respectfully selected for consideration.

Without clear and wholesome regulations no society can exist, because the multitudinous passions of mankind, if unrestrained, would occasion perpetual disputes. But, in enacting those regulations, the legislator should aim rather at the PREVENTION, than the PUNISHMENT, of crimes. And, for this purpose, the most efficacious method is to convince men of the evils resulting from vicious conduct: for having once allowed the necessity of repressing such and such actions, they will be the less inclined to incur the penalties annexed by law to their commission. Again: the punishment of offences should always be inflicted in public, and with the utmost possible solemnity. A moment's attention to the melancholy situation into which a fellow-creature is reduced, for errors from which we are preserved by a more happy destiny, is sufficient to spread the gloom of sorrow over a reflecting mind; and as every indulgence of sentiment tends to strengthen its force, such solemnities should be used at executions as might serve to augment the compassion of the sympathizing, and raise horror in the dissolute and careless. The liberal intention of all chastisement is to prevent future transgressions, not merely to revenge those already made. The criminal is punished, not merely to satisfy the injured individual, but to produce advantage to the whole community; to amend the offender himself, and to deter others by the dread of his example: *ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes exeniat*. Hence SENECA very pointedly and sensibly observes: "*Hoc semper in omni animadversione servabit, ut sciat alteram adhiberi, ut emendet malos; alteram, ut tollat. In utroque non præterita, sed futura tuebitur. Nam, ut Plato ait, Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum est, sed ne peccetur. Revocari enim præterita non possunt: futura prohibentur: et quos volet nequitia malè cedentis exempla fieri, palàm*



recidet, non tantum ut pereant ipsi, sed ut alios percundo deterreant."—*De Ira*.

Too much severity in punishment is particularly impolitic in a free state, and is better adapted to promote the purposes of Despotism than of Liberty; since the former principally seeks to enforce obedience by terror, whilst the latter strives by milder modes to inculcate the practice of virtue. In support of this opinion, [an opinion, alas! but too justly problematical with many modern sciolists] I am proud to quote the testimony of MONTESQUIEU, who writes: "Il seroit aisé de prouver que dans tous, ou presque tous les états de l'Europe, les peines ont diminué ou augmenté à mesure qu'on s'est plus approché ou plus éloigné de la liberté."—*Esprit des Loix*.

It would, no doubt, be deemed an act equally arrogant and ridiculous, Mr. Satirist, in an anonymous Essayist, were he to attempt to specify minutely every deed which, in the eyes of equity and wisdom, does or does not incur the tremendous penalty of DEATH: or to trace out, with undeviating accuracy, the precise limits of severity under various and varying incidental circumstances. But, I trust, it will not be impossible even for your present correspondent, *qualis qualis sit*, to demonstrate satisfactorily to your readers, that Capital Punishments are, at present, too often and indiscriminately inflicted; and, for this end, I shall chiefly confine myself to the custom, awfully established in THE BRITISH ISLES, of punishing THEFT by the gallows.

It is a very mistaken notion, but it seems, unfortunately, extremely prevalent, that, to be efficacious, punishments must be severe: for it is evident that custom will render even the most terrifying scenes familiar. A very common process of the slaughter-house has been stated, and the question has been pathetically asked,—I think by Mandeville,—“When a large and gentle bul-

lock, after resisting a ten times greater force of blows than would have killed his murderer, falls stunned at last, and his armed head is fastened to the ground with cords; as soon as the wide wound is made, and the jugulars are cut asunder, what mortal can, without a thrill of compassion, hear the painful bellowings intercepted by his blood, the bitter sighs that speak the sharpness of his anguish, and the deep sounding groans, with loud anxiety, fetched from the bottom of his strong and palpitating heart: or see the trembling and violent convulsions of his limbs, the reeking gore streaming from his wounds, and his struggling gasps, and last efforts for life, the certain signs of his approaching fate?" This, to be sure, is a dreadful picture of a truly dreadful process; and yet, so forcible is the gradual operation of habit, that such sights are daily seen by hundreds in this metropolis alone, without exciting horror, without even eliciting one tear of pity, one sigh of sympathy. So fares it, alas! with our frequent executions. At first sight, perhaps, all is consternation, horror, and dismay, in the minds of inexperienced spectators; but soon, what once so much astonished, astonishes no more:

*"They start, they tremble, they forget, they smile."*—YOUNG.

The living criminal perseveres in his old courses, with the same readiness and the same insensibility as before; whilst the misdeeming legislator, who has thus hastily and imprudently exhibited Nemesis to the populace, clad in thunders, and breathing annihilation, finds at length, by cruel experience, that he may indeed have harrowed up the minds of a few timid beings, but that the profligate, the indigent, and the desperate, still continue to defy his utmost vengeance.

Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, whose judgment in these matters has ever been held in the highest estimation, ob-

serves, that to shed the blood of our fellow-creatures requires the greatest deliberation, and the fullest conviction of our own authority: "for life," says he, "is the immediate gift of God to MAN, which neither he can resign, nor may it be taken from him, without the command or permission of him who gave it; either expressly revealed, or collected from the laws of Nature or of Society by clear and indisputable demonstration."—*Commentaries*. Now the right of property owes its origin merely to the institution of civil society. THEFT, therefore, strictly considered, is no more than an infringement of the laws of that Society, not of the grand primary laws of Nature; and consequently ought not to be capitally punished.

DEATH, Sir, should never be inflicted but on the most urgent and most important occasions. When a culprit is whipped at the cart's tail, or exposed in the pillory, the offender is alone considered, the crime is execrated, and the punishment (though severe) universally commended. But men are led by a natural and irresistible sympathy to pity a wretch at the point of Death. When a THIEF is brought forth upon the scaffold, and about to suffer the last, *the very last* pang, that sublunary power can inflict; when a very few minutes must place an insuperable barrier between him and his fellow-creatures, and he must speedily quit time for eternity:—humane spectators shudder at the sacrifice, and deplore the victim. They instantly forget the petty injury he has done, and lose the criminal in the sufferer. They look upon him as one whom they are shortly to behold no more; and, bewailing his untimely end, reluctantly acquiesce in, rather than applaud, his sentence. So true is the observation, that "*plerique mortales postrema meminere; et in hominibus impiis, sceleris eorum obliti, de pœnâ solùm disserunt, si ea paulò severior fuerit.*"—*Sallust*. Whilst those of the same description with himself, his comrades in ini-



quity, are either inattentive to his sufferings, and busily employing the present opportunity to practise their customary frauds; or, if a cursory recollection forces them to reflect upon their own precarious situation, they still flatter themselves with the expectation of escaping detection.

Were I not thoroughly convinced that milder methods of punishment might be discovered for the prevention of THEFT, I should have buried in silence, Mr. Satirist, every stricture here presented to your readers upon the practice of inflicting DEATH. But that such methods may be discovered, I cannot find a reasonable cause to doubt; and from a very recent occurrence in the Court of King's Bench, it appears, that the disquisitions published in your work do *sometimes* occupy the time and attention of our magistrates.\*

Do we find the fear of DEATH prevent the perpetration of THEFT? Alas! we have daily sad proofs to the contrary. Nor is the fact to be wondered at. For DEATH, which to the thinking mind appears the awful inlet to eternity, to the heedless desperado conveys the trite idea of a painful, indeed, but a quick emancipation from misery.

MURDER is, perhaps, the *only* crime which ought to be capitally punished. If we consult the authority of Holy Writ, it will be found, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" whereas, in no one passage of the sacred Code do we read that THEFT, unaccompanied by Sacrilege, was considered as worthy of

\* I respectfully allude, Sir, to a cause tried in the Court of King's Bench, June 4 (Tabart v. Tipper), before Lord Ellenborough; in which Mr. Topping was counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. Garrow for the defendant.—*Damages One Shilling*.—See Morning Post, &c. &c. Monday, June 6, 1808.

**DEATH.** By the Mosaical law, men were only fined for **THEFT**; and has the Almighty given to us a greater licence for cruelty than he granted to the Jews?

In my firm opinion, Sir, the putting Thieves to death is both absurd, and prejudicial to society: it equals **THEFT** with **MURDER**, and urges Man to destroy his fellow-creature in order to prevent detection. "If a robber," says Sir **THOMAS MORE**," sees that his danger is the same if he be convicted of Theft, as if he were guilty of Murder, this will naturally set him on to kill the person whom otherwise he only would have robbed: since, if the punishment be the same, there is more security, and less danger of discovery, when he that can best make it is put out of the way."

In an **ESSAY** on general **LAWs**, citation from approved scholars is corroborative evidence. I shall conclude with a brilliant passage, that can never be too frequently read by our representatives, never too highly extolled by free constituents; a passage, sublime for its pathos, oracular for its veracity: I quote from the moral Johnson.—  
"**DEATH** is, as one of the ancients observes, *of dreadful things the most dreadful*; an evil, beyond which nothing can be threatened by sublunary power, or feared from human enmity or vengeance. This terror should, therefore, be reserved, as **THE LAST RESORT OF AUTHORITY**, as the strongest and most operative of prohibitory sanctions, and placed before the treasure of life to guard from invasion what cannot be restored. To equal Robbery with Murder, is to reduce Murder to Robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of iniquity, and incite the commission of a greater crime, to prevent the detection of a less. If only Murder were punished with **DEATH**, very few Robbers would stain their hands in blood; but when, by the last act of cruelty, no new danger is incurred, and

greater security may be obtained, upon what principle shall we bid them forbear?"

Of the actions deemed worthy of legal animadversion, we find that one hundred and sixty, at least, are declared by ACT OF PARLIAMENT to be felonies without benefit of clergy, *i. e.* worthy of *instant DEATH!!!* Such excessive severity occasions many an injured individual to forego his claims to justice, and induces many compassionate juries either to acquit the culprit altogether, or to lessen the crime so as to elude the consequences. From the same cause, judges are led to respite, and recommend to mercy, innumerable convicts whose lives are forfeited by law, beyond the possible equivocation even of legal sophistry. Whilst, from continued observation of these circumstances, villains as yet untaken are encouraged to proceed in their guilty career, and to dare every iniquitous enterprise, till the fierce vengeance of long-insulted laws fixes on them for some flagrant act, which but for this encouragement they might have never committed, and hurls them prematurely to the grave, indifferent to shame, and hardened by reiterated guilt. Yours, with sincere respect,  
Mr. Satirist,

NON NEMO, LL.D.

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### THE WHIP AND VARMINT CLUBS.

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WE have received a variety of letters, calling upon us to apply our *lash* to the gentlemen of the *whip* and the *varmint* clubs; but we hope by publicly testifying our approbation of their magnanimous and truly patriotic exertions, most effectually to silence such troublesome correspondents, who appear to be wholly ignorant of the ad-



vantages which may possibly result from those excellent institutions.

It is very true that old Plato was no patron of charioteers, but then it should be recollected that the noble youth, whom he so severely reprimanded for his exquisite coachmanship, had other talents, which might have been devoted more effectually to the service of the state: this cannot be said of those who compose the *whip* and the *varmint* clubs, whose abilities appear to be exclusively adapted to the *dicky* or the coach-box; in which *exalted* situations it is highly probable that they may achieve great advantages to their country, by breaking the necks of a few of those useless mortals who are merely "*fruges consumere nati.*" It would be a fortunate circumstance if every body would so far follow the example of these worthies, as to confine his exertions to that particular pursuit in which nature has destined him to excel, then might Mr. Sheridan be respectable as a mountebank, Mr. Windham admired as a conjuror, Lord Grenville celebrated as a Roman catholic priest, Lord Temple eminent as a stationer, Lord Petty unrivalled as an opera dancer, Mr. Walter Scott excellent as a compiler of nursery tales, and George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor, might obtain some admiration and applause as the keeper of a *bear-garden*.

Regarding the *whip* establishment in a moral point of view, we can only discover one effect adverse to the general interests of society which it can possibly produce, and that is, a want of employment to those who drive not for notoriety but for bread: this has not passed unnoticed by the members, who, to keep up the spirits of desponding stage and hackney coachmen, frequently treat them to a ride in their dashing barouches, and give them as much gin and bitters as they can drink; to procure which they *pull up* at every hedge ale-house they discover by the

road side: and in return for this liberal treatment they expect the poor fellows to repay them only with their enlightened and *instructive* conversation. On the evening of the 16th we were witnesses to one of these praiseworthy acts of benevolence. Sir H—y P—n, a *leading* member of the *Whip Club*, was with his brother driving his *team* through Hounslow, when he observed a brother *Jaroy*, who had been long the driver of the Reading coach, whom he *politely* invited to return to London with him. The man at first hesitated, but the eloquence of the baronet and his brother finally prevailed; and the *three gentlemen* ascended the box together, and dashed down the town at the rate of twelve miles an hour: so many ale-houses, however, arrested their progress (at one of which they supped together), that they were some hours before they reached London, when *Coachee* was put to bed, highly delighted with the *polite* attentions of his honourable friends.

We are concerned to state, that very recently an accident occurred which might have produced the most fatal consequences. The members of the *Whip Club* were returning from Bedford, when Lord *Hawke* being, as it appeared, blind as a *buzzard*, drove into a gutter, and was thrown with great violence on the footway: his lordship, however, providentially pitching upon *his head* escaped unhurt; and the circumstance was deemed a *capital* joke by his facetious companions.

The British empire is indebted to the university of Cambridge for the institution of the *varmint* club, which differs only in two particulars from the *whips*; namely, in the costume and education of its members, some of whom cannot only *read*, but even *write* intelligibly.

It is necessary to inform the readers that the word "*varmint*" is a vulgar, and therefore a *fashionable*, corruption from *vermin*; and that the members of this club laudably endeavour to render themselves, both in *dress* and *ad-*

dress, as like as possible to a celebrated rat-catcher, who sojourned at Granta; it is therefore a standing rule, that the value of their hats should never exceed three and sixpence, and that all their other habiliments should be proportionably cheap! Ought not such rare instances of economy to be applauded, and do they not evince that profligacy and pride are in the wane? It is really astonishing that many of the fair-sex cannot be brought to admire these gentlemen rat-catchers and coachmen, whose simplicity of language and unaffected manners are so admirably calculated to inspire the *softer* passions.

We heard a lovely girl (no relation to Lord Byron) declare, that she would sooner marry a *bear* than a *barouche* driver. Poor thing! how we pitied her bad taste. Perhaps she wished to keep the *whip* and reins in her own hands. There is, however, some prospect that such ridiculous antipathies will not exist much longer, for we understand that some dashing belles have resolved to establish two female clubs, which will exceed, in public utility, both the *whip* and the *varmint*. The one is to be called the *Dripping-pan Club*, and the other the *Flea Catchers*; the fair members of which are to be arrayed in the costume of *cook* and *house* maids. Lady B——re and Mrs. Spectacle L—— (who fears that her *moles* may be injured by the *varmint* club) are to be the lady patronesses. We regret that it is not at present in our power to give a particular account of all the regulations which are to be adopted, but it is generally understood that the *cook-maid club* will meet once a week in an appointed *kitchen*, and that *blankets* will be spread every month during the summer for the amusement of the *flea* catchers.

June 23.



*To the Editor of the Satirist.*

### SCHOOL FOR REMOVAL OF IMPEDIMENTS.

SIR,

THE very lively observations in your last number, on the subject of Mrs. and Miss \*Laura Pearce, have induced me to read with some attention the various advertisements which continually offer themselves to notice; and I was struck, a few days since, with the singularity of one from a certain celebrated school in the vicinity of Bloomsbury-square, which concluded in this manner: "a separate establishment is preparing for ladies *who have impediments*;" and it instantly occurred to me that these same ladies might prove exceeding good customers to the "stay merchants"† in Lower Brook-street. Mrs. and Miss Laura Pearce should therefore lose no time in their application to B-d-rd-place, an object of the greatest importance, as from the perfection at which they have arrived in their art, they may probably have it in their power to *facilitate the removal of the impediments*, after which the restored ladies may sport the stays *à la Diana* with the utmost propriety.

Mrs. and Miss Laura Pearce, it seems, come from Paris, whence, no doubt, they brought the valuable secret (for so it surely may be thought) of constructing stays *à la Diana*; and how greatly are our fashionable females indebted to them for such an inestimable importation!-- The patronage of the nobility and gentry (of which Mrs. and Miss P. boast) can scarcely at this time be better bestowed than in ameliorating the shapes of the modish fair, and moulding them to the *resemblance* (how needful) of the goddess of chastity. But give me leave to observe,

\* *Lanva* was a misnomer.

† Vide inscription board over their door.

Mr. Satirist, that there is still an improvement to be made on that novelty, for which Mrs. and Miss Pearce have so undoubted a claim to the thanks of the nobility and gentry. How *mal-à-propos* will it appear to see a dashing belle wearing the stays *à la Diana*, with an air and gesture *à la courtesan*; and I am therefore induced to hope that the superintendent of the "separate establishment for ladies who have impediments," will, in addition to the various other accomplishments which she imparts, instruct those ladies who mean to adopt the Diana stays, so to walk, converse, and in all respects demean themselves as become the imitators of that chaste goddess; otherwise the effect of the stays will be entirely nugatory, and Miss Laura Pearce will be under the unpleasant necessity of adopting such an appellation for that article as must be extremely shocking to a female of her very refined delicacy.

I am your's, &c.

JEMMY JUMPS.

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### MOTTO FOR THE BANK OF FAITH.

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MR. SATIRIST,

I MUST beg leave to intrude once again on your attention, for the purpose of making a few additions to the description of the BANK OF FAITH, which I submitted to you last month, and of supplying a motto for the sketch with which I accompanied it; and both the additions and the motto I shall extract from a little work, which, with many others of the same kind, the *dear people, the elect* "who live near to God," distribute gratis, by means of their missionaries, not only in every street of this metropolis, but, as I am informed, in every quarter of the kingdom, with the charitable intent of converting the un-

godly, and softening their hearts to receive the glorious impressions of divine love.

The little work, from which I propose to take my extracts, was put into my hands by a devout looking old woman, as I was passing through St. Giles's, on the very day that your last number was published. It is entitled '*Memorial of Providence*,' and is, I conclude, a periodical work, the copy, which was given to me, being No. XVII. It is ornamented with a most beautiful wood cut, representing the interior of a cottage; containing a stump bedstead, at the head of which hangs a chemise, while the heads of two or three people are seen peeping above the bed-cloaths; on a stool stands a leg of mutton and a loaf of bread; the moon is shining through the window; the door is open, and through it, at a distance, is represented a man praying! This interesting picture, you may conceive, Mr. Satirist, could not fail to excite my curiosity; I turned eagerly to find the description; it commenced the work, and, as it appeared, was borrowed from that mine of divine treasure, the *Evangelical Magazine*. I will extract only a small part to induce you to read the whole.

"Thomas Hownham," says the memorialist, "the subject of the following providence, was a very poor man, who lived in a lone house or hut, upon a moor, called Barmour-moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children, save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour-coal-hill to Doddington and Wooler; or, by making brooms of the heath, and selling them around the country. Yet poor, and despised as he was in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years acquaintance with the professing world, I have scarcely met with his equal, as a man that lived



near to God, or one who was favoured with more evident answers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called *Hanging-hall*, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him; in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew: at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed to know what relief he had found; and how? After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from any other quarter (and if so, he begged I would acquaint him) he proceeded to inform me, that being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and, to his pain and distress, found that there was neither bread, nor meal, nor any thing to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger; that they continued crying till they both fell asleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to sleep; being worn out with the sufferings of the children, and her own tender feelings.

“ Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the house to a retired spot, at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Hab. iii. 17—19. Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; found great liberty and enlargement in prayer; and got such a heart-loathing and soul-humbling sight of himself, and such interesting views of the grace of God, and the love of his adorable Saviour; that though he went out on purpose to spread his family and temporal wants before his Lord, yet, having obtained a heart-attracting and soul-captivating view of him by faith, he was so enamoured with his beauty, and so anxious to have his heart en-

tirely under his forming hand, that all thought about temporals was taken away.

“In a sweet, serene, and composing frame of mind, he returned into his house; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed; and after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see any body; and after using his voice, as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast.”

*Memorials of Providence, No. XVII. Extracted from the first Volume of the Evangelical Magazine.*

I cannot describe to you, Mr. Satirist, how much I was struck with the singular coincidence of this circumstance, with those which the *dear man*, whose *fine discourse* on faith I endeavoured to report to you last month, described as so frequently having occurred to himself: and I entertain little doubt that the legs of mutton, which came and boiled themselves in his pot, and that which the devout jackass-man found upon his stool, were all legs of the same family, and cut off from very godly mutton.

If, however, I was surprised to find so wonderful a resemblance in this instance, imagine, Mr. Satirist, if it be possible, how much more I was astonished to discover in the hymn, which forms the last article of this interesting publication, a passage describing with the greatest exactness and precision the very action and relative situation of the two principal figures in the drawing which I sent you last month, of the saints and their hierarch—but read and wonder.

"Elijah's example declares,  
 Whatever distress may betide,  
 The saints may commit all their cares  
 To him who will surely provide:  
 When rain long withheld from the earth  
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,  
 The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,  
 By ravens was constantly fed.  
 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,  
 Who croaks in the ears of the saints,  
 Compell'd by a power unseen,  
 Administers oft to their wants."

Newton. Memorials of Providence, No. xviii.

I can only regret that I did not meet with these beautiful lines sooner, that they might have been put as a motto to the design, which they serve so admirably to illustrate, and

Remain yours in all charity,

THOMASO SCRUTINY.

June 20th 1808.

## NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

### No. III.

By holding up the notorious profligates of fashion as objects of public abhorrence, we cannot fail to excite against ourselves the hatred and malice of their intimates and abettors, but while we continue to enjoy the approbation and applause of the good, we shall persevere with inflexible impartiality in our unpleasing but beneficial exertions.

To all who have the interests of morality and their country at heart, it must be a melancholy and disgusting



sight to behold the titled prostitute, the modest virgin, the unblushing adulteress, the innocent matron, the dissolute sharper, and the man of honour, all mingled promiscuously in the same society, alike the objects of flattery and attention. We wish that parents would reflect on the dangerous consequences of permitting their children to frequent such motley assemblies : the young mind at first regards with surprise the adulation which is conferred in public upon those whose conduct they have been accustomed to hear severely reprobated in private ; but when they behold such characters cherished by their guardians and their parents, they are induced to believe that there is in reality nothing more dreadful or dangerous in vice than in the harmless toad, which they have also, in their infancy, been instructed to shun, lest it should spit forth its venom and cause their destruction. Pleasure and vice are, alas ! too frequently companions, and it is not astonishing that youth, in pursuit of the one, should rush upon the other, which by frequent association therewith, they no longer contemplate with horror. A vicious example is at all times dangerous, but when it exists in a parent it can scarcely fail to prove destructive. The subject of this paper might probably have escaped the severity of our lash, if her conduct had not been aggravated by the circumstance of her being the mother of daughters who have long since attained the age of maturity, and who must be in the constant habit of witnessing her enormities—How can these unhappy girls fulfil the commandment of their God, and *honour* such a parent ?

A short time previous to her *second* marriage, our heroine resided at a sea-port town in the county of Hampshire, where she received the visits of her present *Lord* and other gentlemen, but few of her own sex were ever seen at the cottage. While she was herself arrayed in the most costly attire, her daughters were always habited in

the coarsest and most homely manner, lest their more youthful charms should attract some of that admiration which she foolishly sought to monopolize. Such is the caprice of love, that notwithstanding she possessed neither beauty, elegance, nor wit, she captivated or rather *entrapped* the heart of a nobleman, who, unfortunately for his own peace, led her to that altar where she had before plighted her faith to a man whom she both hated and deceived. This caused the greatest uneasiness to his noble relatives, and excited considerable surprise in the fashionable world, as his lordship had always been esteemed a man of strong sense, and, saving a few youthful irregularities, of an honourable and upright disposition. We believe he has sorely repented his imprudence, and that he is expiating it by a species of living purgatory.

Her ladyship, aware that a coronet and a splendid fortune would "cover a multitude of sins," resolved to blaze forth a splendid meteor in the hemisphere of fashion: her assemblies and masquerade eclipsed every thing that had yet been given by the most extravagant purveyors of pleasure; but her husband, who sighed in vain for domestic enjoyments, always retired early from these scenes of dissipation, a circumstance which her ladyship once abruptly noticed "to the best bred man in Europe," who was not a little shocked at the impropriety of her behaviour, and has not been since on the list of her *illustrious admirers*. We must do both Lord and Lady — the justice to say that she never dares to expose her person indecently in the presence of her husband, but the moment he retires, the concealing fur or shawl is discarded, and the whole of her huge and hideous bosom exhibited to public view. What but the most depraved motives can instigate a married woman of her age to such odious practices? If any thing can render her exhibitions less disgusting, it must be *Baguet's oriental depilatory*, and we earnestly

recommmend her ladyship to try the experiment, by applying a little of that boasted composition *beneath* her shoulders, for we should rejoice to witness the smallest diminution of such an indelicate display, even if it were but the breadth of a *single hair*.

If we refrain from further animadversions and allusions, we trust that her ladyship will do us the justice to believe, that it is not either respect for her or ignorance of her private history that arrests our pen, but our regard for the feelings of her husband, and the interests of her daughters, who have already *fatally* experienced the baneful effects of her disgraceful conduct.

### ANTIQUITY AND SACRED ORIGIN OF DANCING.

Επει τοιουν, ο Σατυρικι, δειννν τινε, ταυτην κατηγοριαν εκ πολλου, οινει, περισκευασμενος κατηγορηκαι, ορχησιων τι, και αυτης ορχηστικης, και προς επι ημων γε των χαιριουτων τη τοιουτη δια, ως επι φανω και γυναικειω πραγματι μεγαλην επουδην ποιουμενων, ακουτον εσον του ορθου διημαρτηκαι, και ως ληθηαι σιαυτον, ΤΟΥ ΜΕΓΙΣΤΟΥ ΤΩΝ ΕΝ ΤΩ ΒΙΩ ΑΓΑΘΩΝ κατηγορων.

Lucianus de Saltatione—Editio Hemsterhusii.

MR. SATIRIST,

I CLEARLY observe and applaud the praiseworthy object of your publication as a salubrious corrective to the diseased system of the body politic and moral. I presume, also, I am right in my opinion, "that your desire to promote public virtue is equalled by your candour and liberality in allowing free discussion, the acknowledged parent of truth." I have seen, Mr. Editor, in several numbers of the Satirist, some very keen strictures on the amusement or exercise of dancing, particularly as being promoted and practised by one, though certainly not of



GREAT name, yet once of leading importance in the councils of our empire. Seeing, then, this diversion has been taken up by so exalted a personage, and, notwithstanding, so cruelly cut down, Sir, by your correspondents, I shall, for the dignity of Britain, make an humble attempt to defend the *taste* of her nobility; for if they are depraved what will become of my country? Therefore I have to request you will grant publicity to my arguments in favour of Dancing. The author from whom I have borrowed my motto, has left us a dialogue on this very diversion; and I do not know whether I can do better for my cause than by translating a few passages. The devotee of the sport, who, by the bye, at length succeeds in confuting and even making a convert of his antagonist, among other weighty assertions makes the following: "Dancing is no recent thing of yesterday or the day before: to say it existed in the time of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, I consider as little; nay, its most accurate genealogists will tell you that dancing is coeval with the creation, and that it made its appearance with the ancient divinity, Love. The motion of the stars and planets in harmonious concert; their conjunctions, intersecting orbits, &c. are also arguments of the anterior existence of the principle of dancing, which, by a continued accession of improvement, appears to have attained its "*ne plus ultra*," and to have become that varied, all-harmonious, and exquisitely refined, pleasure, which we now find it. (Please to note, Mr. Editor, that this is supposed to have been said 1600 years ago.) They also affirm that the Goddess Rhea was so delighted with it, that she ordered the Corybantes of Phrygia, and the Curetes of Crete, to practise it: and she profited no little from their skill—for diverting Saturn with a dance, they saved her child, Jupiter; yes, to these dances this divinity owes his preservation from being ingulphed in his father's bowels!!!

After this the most valorous of the Cretans devoted themselves to this exercise, and became most excellent dancers, both common people and grandees. Hence Homer, not with intention to defame, but to emblazon his hero Merione, calls him a dancer, and so noted was he in this art, that his name was famous not only among the Grecians, but also the Trojans, his enemies. They admired, I suppose, his uncommon agility in battle, which he acquired from *dancing*. The Bard says of him,

“Μηριον τὰ δὲ κεν σὲ καὶ ὀρχηστὴν περ ἴοιτο,

Εγχοῖ ἴμεν κατὶ πύλοισι.”

Homeri Iliad, lib. 16—617.

“Soon, Merione, might my weapon have dispatched thee, although a dancer.”

But his weapon dispatched him not, for being a well-trained dancer he dexterously eluded it. So honourable was dancing in Thessaly, that the appellation of *προορχηστής*, *chief dancer*, was given to their principal statesmen and generals. This is declared by the inscriptions erected to their celebrated countrymen: thus one has, “The city hath adjudged (such a one) *προορχηστής*, *chief dancer*.”—Another has, “The people have voted this statue as a brave man and good dancer, &c.”—I have omitted to mention that no sacred ancient rite is performed without the accompaniment of *dancing*; and when any one divulged the sacred mysteries, he was said to *be out*, or err in the sacred dance.”

These, Sir, are indubitable proofs from profane history; and the Scriptures themselves may be quoted, and the first characters brought forward as evidence of the high antiquity and holy origin of dancing; thus, in the sixth chapter of second of Samuel, we have—“And David *danced* before the Lord with all his might.”

It is admitted that, through lapse of so many ages and consequent revolution of sentiment, it has lost its veneration; but as an elegant amusement, it still charms the sovereign and the humble swain. Like all other human

pursuits, it may be carried to excess. When a prime minister, for instance, is afflicted with the mania, however skilful and accomplished in the exercise, he certainly *dances out of time*: he leaves his table overspread with new *financial calculations*, amendments of the *Scotch law*, *Irish petitions*, &c. &c. for what? To admire the *Pas de Tilsit*, the *Dardanelles reel*, or to try IF HE CAN GO THROUGH with the favourite Irish hop, “Paddy and Pope,” or “Georgy knock under.” His sovereign entrusts him with the management of an empire, but ah! his ruling passion is—to *dance!!!* But hear my author again, about a king’s servant, who too made terrible *faux pas* in his department: his ruling passion, Mr. Editor, was not so much dancing as—cracking nuts!!! though expressly employed for the former.

“A certain king of Egypt once trained up a large baboon and some small monkeys, to dance the Pyrric dance, and when he thought them sufficiently disciplined, he cloathed them in gorgeous purple, masked them, and they were introduced to the theatre. One day, during the very midst of their performance, a waggish spectator, happening to have a few nuts in his pocket, threw them unobserved on the stage, when, terrible to relate, the *hero* of the ballet and his company, (poor beasts! naturally fond of this fruit) forgot their dignity and the dance, fought, tore their purple, pulled off each other’s masks, and, in short, scrambled for the nuts as mere—monkeys!! The assembly was enraged, hissed, and drove them off the stage; and the king banished them from his presence for ever!!”—Luciani Piscator sive Reviviscentes, Vol. I. sec. 36, Editio Hemsterhusii.

But all these eccentricities, Sir, you well know, attach themselves, like excrescences, to the *noblest* pursuits of man, as well as dancing; and I trust you will not consider this circumstance as weakening my main assertion—



I am prepared however to stand the brunt of your most formidable attacks—I shall remain *unchanged in my sentiments*, should you assert that its once boasted sanctity is no more, and its regal honours tarnished by vulgar participation, nay, even should you declare that it is dwindled to a frivolous, PETTY, amusement.

I am Sir, your obedient humble servant,

SALTATOR.

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### JOHN BULL AND ALL THE SNARLS.

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THE part of the country where I reside, is so far distant from the metropolis, that I am precluded, Mr. Editor, from often visiting it, lest my family affairs might in the interim be neglected, and I am hence unacquainted with the *great men* of the present day. I am induced, Mr. Editor, to premise this much, preparatory to requesting your assistance, to explain a dream of a most extraordinary nature which I had about a fortnight since. You must know then, Mr. Editor, that I had just begun the perusal of a newspaper called the *Morning Chronicle*, which my servant had the day before received at the chandler's-shop with a pound of raisins, when I insensibly fell into a dose, just as I had got into the middle of the speech of Mr. W——m on the catholic question; what produced this effect I cannot exactly say, but thus much I may affirm, that neither the “*spirited eloquence*” nor “*incontrovertible arguments*” of the honourable member, or the *neat italic introduction* by Mr. P-rry of the triply-repeated word “*hear, hear, hear,*” were sufficient to counteract my soporous inclination, so that I was presently closely hugged in the arms of Somnus' high priest, when methought that my habitation was changed from a

shug cottage on the borders of Cumberland to a capacious field, situated a little to the west of the county of MINSTER, and now I heard (or what is all the same, I fancied that I heard) a confused noise of shouting, hallooing, and swearing; on turning to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, I perceived a crowd of people assembled at a BULL-BAIT, and on approaching them, judge what must have been my surprise at discovering that the animal who was thus *ingeniously tormented*, as well as the curs themselves, had HUMAN FACES, and having in my infancy studied Lavater, I purpose delineating some of their characteristic features to you, Sir; for as I cannot help imagining that *more is meant by this vision than meets the eye*, I trust (with your assistance) to be enabled to discover who and what these unusual figures represented.

And first, Sir, the BULL was a most noble animal, and, from what I could gather from the spectators, was renowned for the generosity of his disposition: he appeared, indeed, from all accounts, to be a great favourite with the family who *governed* him, (if I may be allowed the expression) for they had given him the name of JOHN, by which familiar appellation he was generally known. The head of his family, a short time since, took a number of Dogs into keeping, and they were kept in the same house or kennel as the Bull; now, Sir, *these were truly ungracious dogs*, for no sooner had they got into the master's favour than they began to *grow restive—talked—*I beg pardon, Mr. Editor, I should have said—*barked* very loudly, and so worried and distressed the favourite BULL, that it was deemed absolutely necessary to *kick them out of doors*, and to supply their *places* by creatures of more useful and noble natures. The natural bent of the dispositions of the former was now discovered, there was not any longer occasion to dissemble, and the

rankling animosity of ALL THE SNARLS now burst forth without reserve : every opportunity was taken to manifest their spleen, and in no way they imagined was this more effectually to be done than by directing their *opposition* against those who succeeded them in their master's good graces. This *laudable resolution* was immediately acted upon ; and the foremost among them *whining* to the celebrated Irish tune of "PADDY Ponsonby," commenced an attack in January last. The conflict was soon over, and the SNARLS had the mortification to find their impotency and arrogance alike derided and exposed. Not content with this, they still occasionally continue their prejudicial interference with the BULL, whose *real interests* would be entirely neglected, was it not for the DISCERNMENT of the MASTER, and the *superior sagacity and discretion* of his servants.

Having described the BULL, I proceed to give a short account of some of the principal of his tormentors : the first of which that attracted my attention appeared to be of the *Mongrel* species, inasmuch as it was difficult from his MOTIONS to discover what breed he was of ; it was, however, evident that he was far from being a *thoroughbred* Fox-hound, though he seemed *not a little* anxious to be regarded as such ; for, *technically* speaking, the moment he was PITT-ed against the BULL and his protectors, it was observable that his WIND was unsound, and his HAMS weak. Had his attacks, indeed, been directed to one particular part they might have been more successful ; but, "*fickle as the wind*," he kept incessantly shifting from place to place, till the BULL, scorning to notice either his phrensy or his folly, permitted him, *ad libitum*, to open his ill-fated jaws. The next, Sir, was but ill calculated to annoy an animal so much his superior in every respect as the BULL : his body was a complete prototype of his mind, which formerly resembled an Italian GREY-hound ; and I



have heard, that before he was kicked out of doors he was remarkable for his *tameness* and *servility*. I now proceed to describe a creature, betwixt whom and a female relative's of the above (*for the purpose, I suppose, of crossing the breed*), a near connection was some time since formed: this dog, although he now and then pretends to WIT, is not well BRED; indeed he was imagined by some to be affected with hydrophobia. Be this as it may, his *incessant growlings* furnished just ground for the supposition; in all his attacks on the BULL, however, he was discomfited, and he would then *sneak away, foaming at the mouth like a fresh drawn pot of Meux's or WHITBREAD's porter*.

Next to him succeeded a creature more resembling a *dancing dog* than one fit to combat the BULL and his protectors. He would move his PETTY paws about in STRANGE-WAYS; and he would so—*whine—whine—whine*—that a general burst of laughter always succeeded every exertion of this pretty little puppy's—!!!!

Amongst the number of imbecile attacks made by ALL THE SNARLS individually, I particularly noticed a *cur*, whose TEMPLES were peculiarly prominent, and whose eyes were *stationary*. I was now proceeding, Mr. Editor, to analyse several others, when the noise of the surrounding multitude increased to such a degree as to awaken me; and I lose no time in communicating to the SATIRIST this extraordinary vision, in the hopes that some of its ingenious correspondents may be enabled to inform me what my dream portends.

I am, Sir,

Your admirer and humble servant,

June 15, 1808.

SOLOMON QUIDNUNG.

SUBSTANCE OF  
A SERMON PREACHED AT ST. J—— C——;

BY THE REV. ———.

SIR,

*Stratford-upon-Avon, June 3, 1808.*

You seem so severely to animadvert upon the blasphemous and filthy effusions of the elect, that I am induced to send you the substance of a *sermon* delivered the latter end of last year in London by a jolly preacher of the Gospel. I have taken upon myself to put it into verse. As I happened to be present on this occasion, you may depend upon having nothing more than the truth.

I remain, &c. a constant reader,

W.

A reverend sir, whose round and jolly face  
Savour'd but little of a man of grace,  
Mounted the pulpit, and out thund'ring loud,  
In words like these address'd the gaping crowd :  
“ You're sinners all—you're sinners all, I say—  
You're filthy sinners.—What is filth, I pray ?  
Why filth is dirt ; but not that mire and mud  
Which covers streets and roads as with a flood :  
But 'tis that dirt,—it makes me sick to tell ye,—  
It is that dirt which ‡ \* \* \* \* \*

‡ Although Mr. F. was not ashamed to use such filthy words in the pulpit, we shall not disgust our readers by inserting them in the SATIRIST. We were before informed that such a disgraceful discourse had been delivered, but as we then did not know *by whom*, we hesitated to publish our former correspondent's letter, which contained *precisely the same information in prose* as our friend W.'s poetry.—F.

A sinner once, a wicked race I ran,  
 'Till the new birth produced a godly man;  
 'Till heav'nly grace unto my soul gave light,  
 And now I live a saint in Satan's spite.  
 Repent in haste, for fear the judgment day  
 Should come, and sure it will not long delay:  
 For as in sessions time, at the Old Bailey,  
 The judge sits trying guilty culprits daily,  
 So God will sit your judge; and witness me,  
 Standing at his right hand you there will see.  
 I'll tell your crimes, and all your faults relate,  
 That vice you love, and my instruction hate:  
 To me he'll say, 'Thou hast done nought amiss,  
 \*Go bask in seas of uncreated bliss.'  
 But you, poor wretches, tremble while I tell,  
 Will be condemned to burn in '*lowest hell*.' "

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### LETTER TO A NOBLE ADULTERER.

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MY LORD,

You have challenged the attention of the world by an act which has rendered you an object of universal abhorrence, I shall not, therefore, apologize for this address, which will enable you to behold the enormity of your offence, although I despair of exciting in your bosom the anguish of salutary remorse; for the man who has deliberately destroyed the peace of a trusting friend, must possess a heart as senseless as the flints of his native soil. Had your lordship put a pistol to Colonel P.'s head, and

\* He seems to have borrowed this elegant figure from a book entitled "Poems and Hymns on various Occasions, on the opening of Lady Huntingdon's Chapels," &c.



taken his last shilling from his pocket, he would still have found happiness in the society of the woman he adored, you might have pleaded your necessities in extenuation of your crime, and it would not have been out of your power to have made him ample reparation at some future period : but the wound which you have inflicted admits of no solace ; you have no necessity to plead in exculpation of your perfidy, for “ at your age the hey-day of the blood is tame,” neither is it possible for you to restore that peace of which you have basely robbed him. My lord, I long have known both the unhappy husband and the once amiable victim of your accursed arts. Never was domestic happiness more perfect than beneath their hospitable roof till your lordship blasted it for ever. I have heard, from a more authentic source than the public papers, that when you were discovered behind the curtain in Mrs. P.’s bedchamber, your lordship protested that the lady was innocent. This, my lord, renders your conduct still more execrable ; for of *your* criminal intentions there cannot be the smallest doubt : and it thus appears that you, uninstigated by passion, *coolly* planned the seduction of the lady. Your attempt to bribe the honest man who detected you, is another aggravation of your crime. Had he been silenced by your gold, your lordship would, doubtless, still have continued on terms of friendship with Colonel P., have witnessed unmoved his affection for his wife, partaken of his hospitality, and dishonoured his bed. Really, my lord, you men of gallantry must have very refined ideas of honour ! I know your lordship has carried on an intrigue with another married lady for almost twenty years ; and as age has somewhat withered the charms of Mrs. R., I suppose you intended that the wife of another friend should succeed her ; but you should have recollected that it is not every man who will consent to share his nuptial bed with an adulterer. — I

shall now leave your lordship to the chastisement of your own conscience, and the resentment of Mrs. R. who may, perhaps, convince you,

"That heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

I am, my lord, with all *proper* respect,

Your obedient servant,

Southampton, June 15, 1808.

ETHICUS.

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### FASHIONABLE DEPREDATORS.

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SIR,

June 8, 1808.

As I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, as well as one through your entertaining SATIRIST; and knowing well how much you are interested in the laudable pursuit of correcting the numberless errors and immoralities which, in this dissolute age and season, pervade all ranks, I do not intend to offer any apology for this address, although the subject I shall claim your attention to may be trifling in your estimation. I am about to speak of two facts, having occurred, within this fortnight, to myself; therefore all speculation or charge of ill-nature towards *real genteel society* cannot be urged against me. You must know, I am a poor man, with a constant flow of high spirits, which have continually led me into a vortex of company; and as I am always anxious to appear habited as a gentleman, the particular *evil* I shall complain of affects me materially, as it adds greatly to the expence of gratifying my inclinations. I lately purchased a full dress opera hat, which some *virtuous* young man of fashion became enamoured of, and

placing it where those articles of dress are generally worn, under his arm, walked or rode away from a ball, leaving a poor miserable, knap-worn, moth-eaten, old-fashioned one in its place. Now *fashion*, or *custom*, or *good breeding*, may call this conscientious act GOOD FUN; but, in my common way of estimation of right and wrong, I am bold enough to call it *thieving*. I estimate this loss at three guineas: so much for the first instance. My second, though in point of value trifling in comparison, yet its *personal* effects were, at the time, very distressing. I went to a dinner party yesterday with a beautiful new pair of York kid gloves, and of a fine yellow, which, upon the announcement of dinner, were carefully put in the *old moth-eaten hat*, and placed in a snug corner: the hour of departure arriving, I flew to my hidden treasures, but, alas! there was alone the emblem of my former misfortunes, but no *Yorks* to keep the east wind from my poor hands: no; they were off; and I presume, from their matchless beauty, for exhibition at a neighbouring rout, to which I heard some of the party were gone. These are two obvious blots in the character of *honest* society; and when you see every day the papers filled with advertisements for the recovery of lost shawls, broaches, tippets, &c. &c. missed at these receptacles of pleasure, I am sure you will join with me in thinking they call for your arduous exertions to correct.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.



## HORACE TO HIS BOTTLE.

IMITATION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ODE \* OF BOOK III.

O BORN like your master, when Wilkes was Lord Mayor,  
By turns the promoter of mirth and of care;  
Whether mischief you make, and, fierce argument move,  
Or lull to repose, or awaken to love;

For whatever good reason this wine was thy care,  
I knew it was destined for holiday fare:  
Then arise, cherish'd flask, from thy innermost cave,  
And pour forth for my friend the best liquor I have.

Though absorbed in the morals that Socrates taught,  
Thy thousand perfections he'll prize as he ought;  
The virtue of Cato's inflexible soul  
Grew warmer and stronger when steeped in the bowl.

\* Mr. Coxe, of Hampstead Heath, has been eminently successful in rendering many of Horace's productions, and not least so in the ode, of which an imitation is now offered. He will do me the justice to believe that it is by mere accident I have fixed on the same year for the birth of my wine as he had chosen, viz. that of Wilkes's mayoralty. I flatter myself, however, with believing, that I have the advantage of Mr. Coxe in *accuracy*, as I happen to date my own birth from that very year, and may therefore translate *nata mecum* literally. How far it may be *true* that my wine's age is equal to mine, I beg not to be interrogated.

Mr. Coxe's parody on *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*, is very lively; but I prefer the *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori* to all the rest, both for neatness of expression, felicity of allusion, and genuine humour. Having said so much on the subject of this volume of poems, I cannot conclude without also offering my acknowledgments for the amusement I derived from the translations of Martial.

\*Pale thought flies before thee, and darkling deceit,  
And the sourest of tempers by thee is made sweet ;  
The gloom of Su-pi-cion thy influence can clear,  
And Wisdom grows wise as she grows less severe.

For one happy night thy sweet magic employ !  
Bless the poor man with wealth, fill the wretched with joy ;  
For one night let the croaker his taxes forget,  
And laugh at invasion and national debt !

At the head of the table shall Bacchus be found,  
With Venus and all the coy Graees around ;  
Till the vanishing stars from the firmament run,  
And hide their sham'd heads from the eye of the sun.

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IMITATION OF THE THIRTY-THIRD ODE OF THE  
FIRST BOOK.

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TO \* \* \* \* \*

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Nay, never break your heart, to view  
A younger man preferred to you ;

\* It is impossible to avoid comparing this part of the address, *ad am-  
phoram*, with Horace's lively *card of invitation* to his friend Torqua-  
tus, contained in the fifth epistle of the first book :

"Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit," &c.

What glorious effects we to drunkenness owe !  
From the sealed lips of Caution what secrets will flow !  
The fancies of Hope to realities turn,  
The coward's cold heart with new courage shall burn ;  
Their load of distress the unfortunate lose ;  
And open to genius, and taste, and the muse,  
From the luminous glass streams of eloquence roll,  
And wealth blesses the dreams of the indigent soul.

Nor idly waste your ink and time  
In mawkish strains and wretched rhyme.  
'When loved, I thought you in a scrape—  
Turn'd off—I'm glad of your escape.

'Tis always thus : the fair-browed Jane  
With rapture doats on Tom Loraine;  
Thomas derides her amorous folly,  
And brings an untouch'd heart to Polly ;  
While Poll would rather lose her dinner  
Than sin with such an ugly sinner.  
No higher sport can Venus prove  
(Cruel !) than unrequited love.  
Strange forms and hearts she yokes at random,  
Like ill-matched horses in a tandem :  
The conscious leader, brisk and gay,  
Kicks, plunges, starts, and scours away ;  
While fixed behind, the following wretch  
Must still pursue, and never catch.

Would you believe it ? I began  
To envy every married man ;  
Nay more, had found a loving mate,  
And half commenced the happy state,  
When an old jilt, in flowery chains,  
Caught me, alas ! and still detains.  
You know her well, Myrtilla Y—— ;  
Her temper passionate, her tongue  
Loud as the stormy seas, her nails  
Sharp as the rudest eastern gales !



## ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

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### THE PATRIOTIC BREWER.

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Not far from this gentleman's house at S—— H——, there is a small farm inhabited by a man of the name of W-lls, one of whose horses had been ill for a considerable time; he was, however, recovering, and grazing in a field adjacent to the high road, when Squire ——'s curri-  
cle drove by. The appearance of the poor animal in-  
stilled pity into the soft and susceptible heart of Lady Betty, who persuaded her *dearly beloved*, on their return to S—— H——, to direct his gamekeeper to—"GO AND SHOOT THE FARMER'S HORSE." This mandate was immediately obeyed; and it was not till many remonstrances had been made that Farmer W-lls procured the least remuneration for his loss, when at length the 'Squire was induced to make *some* acknowledgment, and ONE POUND ONE SHILLING was sent!!! This, with the true spirit of a John Bull, was instantly returned. The matter, however, was afterwards most carefully *compromised*; but remains to this day a memorial of Mr. ——'s *neighbourly qualifications*.

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Information being given to Mr. —— that some gentlemen were coursing on a certain part of his estates, game-keepers were instantly dispatched to bring the parties before *his worship*! It was in vain that some gentlemen, who were summoned in consequence, protested their innocence: "they were found on the designated spot, and go they must." They were accordingly ushered into the

audience chamber, where sat Mr. W. in all the dignity of magisterial authority, who informed them that they had incurred the penalty of *ten pounds*, which must be immediately deposited. "If you will only *hear me*," I shall convince you—" This, surely, was no unreasonable request to a British m——e, and might have received a more worthy reply than—" I WON'T HEAR YOU, SIR; I AM ALREADY CONVINCED." The fine was accordingly paid, and the gentlemen's attorney at B-ggl-sw-e directed to institute proceedings against this j——e; for it unfortunately happened that these gentlemen were *not* the persons who had been coursing. This business was likewise compromised through the address of the 'Squire; who, had he done his duty, and heard what the parties had to say in their defence, would have been spared the disgrace that attaches itself to the transaction.

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EPIGRAM TO MRS. P——N, THE FAIR EXHIBITER.\*

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Bear lady listen to a lover's prayer,  
Nor fear within my arms to play the wanton;  
So white a bosom, and a form so fair,  
All-bounteous Nature only gave to PANT ON.

B. C. Y.

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We understand that Lady L. and Mrs. P. have kindly resolved to instruct our fashionable youths in the use of *the globes*; and that *their school* will be open every evening till further notice. They are reported to have made some wonderful discoveries about the tropic of *cancer*.

\* Vide Satirist, No. VIII. *Anecdotes*, &c.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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FIAT JUSTITIA !

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*The Works of John Dryden, Esq. with Notes, and a Life of the Author.* By Walter Scott, Esq. 18 vols. 8vo. nine and twelve guineas. Millar.

Accustomed as we are to punish the frauds and the stupidity of those who appear before our critical tribunal, it is seldom that we have experienced feelings more painful, or more melancholy, than those which have been excited by the conviction of Mr. Scott.

To those who are inclined to judge of the morality of a modern author, by the enthusiastic virtue of the poets of antiquity, it will appear impossible that he should so far forget the dignity of the literary character, as to disgrace it by an open violation of decency and justice: to them, the race of poets will appear what they once were, and what they are generally supposed to be, a class of men superior to avarice and meanness, unacquainted with the grovelling passions of the less favored classes of mankind, and more ambitious to rise superior to the rest of the world by their abilities and their virtue, than to accumulate the spoils of literary artifice. But these are the dreams of youth or ignorance. The modern writer is too frequently the slave of the meanest and most degrading passions to which human nature can be subject, regardless of his character as a man, or his reputation as a writer,



when placed in competition with his pecuniary interests, and not unfrequently an accomplice with his bookseller in the lowest devices of commercial cunning.

Whether Mr. Scott has descended to such practices as these, is a question which will be answered very satisfactorily in the progress of our criticism. To support the interests of learning, and the dignity of the literary character, in opposition to the avarice and profligacy of editors and booksellers, is an object so worthy of our ambition, and so consistent with the design of our publication, that neither the clamour which such an attempt must inevitably excite, nor a regard for the private feelings of individuals, shall divert us from the execution of our purpose. The interests of literature are of more importance than the reputation of Mr. Scott, and perhaps he himself may hereafter be convinced that our severity has been as kind to him as useful to the public.\*

In the execution of such a work as the present, an editor should have one of these three purposes in view: to adorn the materials which others have collected, by his manner of arranging and explaining them, 2nd. to collect such a stock of original information as may not only serve to render his author intelligible to common readers, but to gratify the curiosity of the critic and antiquarian; or, 3rd, to supply a neat and convenient edition which may compensate by its compactness and its elegance, for the want of profound and curious information. For the first of these objects, it is necessary that he should possess elegance of language and delicacy of judgment; for the second, that he should display *at least* the learning of a school-boy, and for the third, that he should have the prudence to reject all superfluous illustration, to be

\* We understand that Mr. Scott is about to edit the works of *Swift*!! We wish he would, instead, favour us with a new edition of *Jack the Giant Killer*, to which he might *possibly* contribute some useful explanations and critical notes.

sparing of long and tedious extracts from forgotten publications, and to avoid useless repetitions. On these points, with regard to the work before us, we trust it will be in our power to give our readers tolerable satisfaction.

I. Of the style it is impossible to speak without astonishment. Mr. Scott's prose is, we believe, without exception, the worst that we had ever the mortification to criticise. It unites all the deformities which usually distinguish the writings of his countrymen, to the tedious prolixity of Malone, and the affected flippancy of Hayley. Had Mr. Scott presented us with the leading incidents of Dryden's life, with plainness and perspicuity, without attempting to enchant the reader by his eloquence, or to instruct him by his criticism, however we might have questioned the propriety of publishing such a work, we should have applauded the modesty of his pretensions; but when he displays the most frequent and impotent attempts at elegance of language and originality of thought, when every page is disgraced by the most clumsy affectation of taste and learning, when remark is crowded on remark, and sentiment on sentiment, merely to give him an opportunity of displaying his command of language and ideas; it is but just that such vanity and imbecility should be exhibited in *terrorem* to the eyes of his imitators and admirers. For the satisfaction, however, of those who would trust to their own judgment rather than to ours, it will be necessary to produce extracts in justification of a sentence apparently so severe.

"Thus it is actually argued by Dennis in reply to Collier, that the depravity of the theatre, when revived, was owing to that very suppression which had prevented its gradual reformation. *And just so a muddy stream, if allowed its free course, will gradually purify itself, but if damm'd up for a season, and let loose at once, its first torrent cannot fail to be impregnated with every impurity.*" (Vol. I. page 74.)

The elegance of the following simile, is almost as re-

markable as its ingenuity. It represents at the same time a beautiful example of the pathos :

“ Thus so dearly was Dryden's pre-eminent reputation purchased, that even his last hours were embittered by controversy ; and nature overwatched and worn out, *was like a besieged garrison, forced to obey the call to arms, and to defend reputation with the very last exertion of the vital spirit.*” (Vol. I. page 459.)

The next allusion is such a favourite of our author's that we have traced it in almost every sentence about rebellion, violence, or popery :

“ Innovations bursting in upon monarchy, *with the strength of a land flood.*” (Vol. I. page 309, &c. &c.)

The following sentence we conceive to be a very perfect example of tumid insipidity :

“ He did not unloose from the secure haven, to moor in the perilous road, but being tossed on the billows of uncertainty, he dropped his anchor.” (Vol. I. page 315.)

N. B. “ This alludes to Dryden's conversion to popery.”

In one place Dryden's head is compared to a flint, “ But the author had beaten his flint hard ere he struck them out,” (Vol. I. page 488.) and in another the press is denominated “ that awful power which is so often and so rashly misused,” (Vol. I. page 241.) and in a third, we meet with the following exquisite example of the Bathos :

“ Of Dryden's learning his works form the best proof. He had read Polybius, &c. In the country *he delighted in the practice of fishing.*” (Vol. I. page 460.)

By way of climax, we shall present our reader with a very curious proof of his fertility of conception. Mr. Scott, himself, if we may judge by the words that we have placed in italics, considers it as a very elegant and ingenious



specimen of what he calls *verisimilitude*. It may serve to shew that all the absurdities we have quoted, have been laboured with considerable care, and that whatever may be the case in other parts of his works, many of his trespasses against good taste and propriety proceed from incapacity rather than negligence.

"The muse awoke like the sleeping beauty of the Fairly Tale, in the antiquated and absurd vestments in which she had fallen asleep twenty years before, or if the reader will pardon another simile, the poets were like those who after long mourning, resume for a time their ordinary dresses, of which the fashion has in the mean time passed away." (Vol. I. page 43.)

So much for his aptness of similitude, and knowledge of fine writing! But it must not be supposed that he is only unfortunate where he is ambitious, and that those parts of his writings which are free from the tinsel of metretic finery are distinguished by simplicity or correctness. It would be useless to select examples of incorrectness and vulgarity, from a work in which elegance and accuracy are scarcely to be found. We meet in almost every page with such expressions as, "in respect of" for with respect to. "Ere this" for before this, "these" for those, and "those," for these, &c. &c. His violations of grammar are innumerable, and are the more inexcusable in a man who, upon some occasions, can manage to avoid such errors.

But the inaccuracies and deformities of a writer's language, may, on some occasions, be forgiven, in consideration of his novelty of remark or solidity of sentiment.

It may be proper, therefore, to enquire how far the sagacity or the judgment of Mr. Scott entitle him to this indulgence. Page 231, Vol. I. We are told that buffoonery has a tendency to interrupt the feelings of pity and horror; page 254, that "a whip to the fool's back," and a "key to the whip," were contemptible, *on account*

of their titles, an objection that would apply to almost every publication of the eighteenth century; page 292, that *Paradise Lost* was not profitable to its bookseller; that if an author do not derive emolument from his works, it is owing to the public; that booksellers are unwilling to pay money without prospect of remuneration; with other information equally curious and important. Talking of Dryden's powers of ratiocination, he says (page 471) "this may seem slender praise, yet these are the talents that led Bacon to the recesses of philosophy, and conducted Newton to the cabinet of nature." As if the same intellectual qualities were required to form the mathematician and the poet! Page 483, We are informed that love cannot be studied without feeling it! a sentiment which, if it be false, Mr. Scott should not have inserted in his *Life of Dryden*, and which, if true, should have induced him to commit his other productions to the flames. The most curious proof, however, of his extent of observation, and depth of judgment, may be found at page 459, "but that Dryden who possessed such a fund of imagination and acquired learning (we suppose that Mr. Scott possesses learning without having acquired it) should have been dull in conversation is impossible!" We could not have supposed that a man who pretended to edit one of the principal English poets, would have betrayed such an ignorance of literary history, or such inattention to the manners of his contemporaries, as are displayed in this observation. If dulness of conversation be any proof of paucity of learning, or deficiency of intellect, what a pretty set of block-heads and ignoramus's must inhabit the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen! If Mr. Scott's assertion were true, we should feel the most anxious solicitude for many of his literary friends, and should hail his counsellor and admirer, Mr. Jeffery, as the very paragon of critical insufficiency. But happily for him, and for many other

plagues to society, we feel no inclination to judge of an author's professional wit by his literary vivacity, or to condemn even Mr. Walter Scott for any other deficiencies than those which we discover in his productions. Such are his pretensions to adorn the learning of others by elegance of language or felicity of illustration,

To those who examine our remarks and extracts with impartiality, it must appear sufficiently evident that the value of this edition cannot be owing to Mr. Scott's powers of composition. We shall enquire, in the next place, whether his defects as a writer are in any degree compensated for by the brilliance of his character as a scholar.

II. Of the deficiency of Mr. Scott's learning, we do not conceive that any stronger proof can be offered than the total silence in which he passes over the errors and inaccuracies of Dryden's translations. Had Mr. Scott been qualified for such a task, he would no doubt have eagerly seized the opportunity of displaying his classical knowledge and his critical abilities. Scarcely any part of Dryden's works stands in more need of illustration than his Virgil and his Juvenal, and we are not disposed to consider any one as a fit editor of such a poet, who suffers them *to pass without a note*. Mr. Scott's deficiency in this respect, however, is not merely presumption. Besides many other curious mistakes of the same kind, he distinguishes the English heroic verse of five feet, in more than one place, by the title of *hexameter*. So glaring a mistake would disgrace a school-boy.

The following note is still more deplorable:

"With Alja, who the sacred altar strews?  
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes;  
A bull to thee Portunus shall be slain,  
A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main."

DRYDEN.



“The ceremonies of classical antiquity observed by those who escaped from shipwreck are here detailed. The alja sprinkled on the altar, alluded to the cause of their sacrifice; *Portunus*, otherwise *Portumnus*, was a sea-god of some reputation; the Greeks called him *Palæmon*, which was formerly his earthly name, he is mentioned by Virgil.”

—“Et pater ipse manu magna, *Portunus* euntem impulit.”

Now, if Mr. Scott had examined Lempriere's Dictionary, or had requested any of his friends to look at Ratger's *Venusin*, Section, vol. I. page 87, or Ovid lib. IV. l. 535, &c., he might have discovered that *Palæmon* was not formerly the earthly name of *Portunus*; that in his earthly state he was called by the Greeks *Melicerta* only, and that the name of *Palæmon* was not given him till he became a sea-god.

—“Nomenque simul faciemque novavit,  
Leucothoeque deum cum matre *Palæmona* dixit.”

Ovid. Met. lib. iv. l. 542.

On this subject any further observation must be superfluous.

Having thus proved that Mr. Scott's pretensions as the editor of Dryden cannot arise from his learning, his elegance, or his judgment, we shall enquire in the next place how far his edition can be praised for merit of selection, or convenience of arrangement. Attention and industry will give some value to a bad work, and are indispensably necessary in a good one. But if a book be at once barren in its information, disgusting in its style, and confused in its arrangement, it is deficient in every quality which can recommend it to the approbation of a scholar or a gentleman. Such a production would deserve the utmost severity of censure, were it introduced to the public with no other sanction than the name of its author,

and no other dependance than its own merit. But the present instance is distinguished by circumstances of peculiar aggravation. It professes to be a complete edition of a poet whose name alone would recommend it to the libraries of the rich and the literary; it is the work of a man confessedly unqualified for such a production, and who has been chosen, not because he is qualified for the task, but because his name has some influence on those who are the least likely to detect his insufficiency, and it was not printed because Mr. Scott supposed that the public wanted such a work, or for the purpose of promoting his reputation, but to gratify his own and the avarice of his bookseller.

We hope that the few strictures we have thus hastily thrown out, will be sufficient to destroy the satisfaction of the one, and to disappoint the expectation of the other. In our *next* number we shall present our readers with such a specimen of the art of book-making, as, we believe, to be unparalleled in the history of literature.

*A Dissertation on Metrical Pauses, and the due construction of, and proper manner of reading Latin Heroic Verse.* By James Pickbourn. Hurst, Rees, and Orme.

That we read Latin verse with an accentual cadence totally different from that produced by the quantity, as marked by scanning, is obvious to every ear. Each verse is divided, first, by one strong pause in the middle of the third foot, as we observed in the review of Mr. Dean's *Georgics*. This is the foundation of the Monkish verses, as it divides the verses into two hemistichs, which *they* mark by a rhyme to each; in which, by the way, Virgil has set the example, as,

“ Limus ut hic durescit, | et hæc ut cera liquescit.”

---

“ Ora citatorum | dextra detorsit equorum.”

---

“ Descendam magnorum | haud unquam indignus avorum.”

These are in general subdivided by three other pauses, one in the first hemistich and two in the last, which in some verses are accompanied with a cesure, in others not, as in the first line of Virgil.

“ Tityre | tu pátulæ | récubans | sub tégmine | fagi.

Where the only secondary pause, accompanied by a cæsura, is after recubans ; but in the second verse

“ Sylvéstrem | ténuì | Músam | meditáris | avéna.”

Every pause is accompanied by a cæsura, which, to our ears, occasions a better accentual cadence, for, it will be observed, each of the five subdivisions is distinguished by one strong accent, sometimes on a long and sometimes on a short syllable : the stronger accent, which is that which precedes the cæsura, is on a short syllable, if the second foot be a dactyle, as in the two verses just quoted, on a long one, if it be a spondee, as in these lines :

“ Sicilides Músæ paulo majora canamus.”

---

“ Si canimus sylvas sylvæ sint consule dignæ.”

Mr. Pickbourn gives example of what he calls varieties of pause ; to us, in all those examples, the hemistichs are exactly divided as just stated ; both sense and cadence forbid the division adopted by him of this line :

“ Temperet a lachrymis ? Et jam | nox humida coelo.

We are at a loss to comprehend the following assertion of the author. “ I do not recollect a single instance in Ovid or Virgil where the second foot is a spondee, unless



it is formed by the preposition *intra* or *inter*, followed by a pronoun." Surely the second foot is as frequently a spondee as a dactyl: he must mean a spondee formed by one word, and when this does happen, as in the cases he has quoted, *intra me*, *inter se*, *inter nos*, the preposition and pronoun so coalesce that they have the effect of one.

The principal pause falling in the middle of a foot prevents one hemistich both in hexameters and sapphics from being substituted for another, and consequently one verse cannot run into another as in our blank verse, so that the end of one verse joined to the beginning of another may make one complete verse; this is not the case with the pantameter, of which we have a remarkable instance in this line of Ovid:

" Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est."

But, as we believe a poem all of pentameters is as rare a production as an apple-pie all of quinces, the end of one pantemeter verse cannot coalesce with the beginning of another, on account of the intermediate hexameter.

Mr. Pickbourn says a little on the much disputed subject of accent and quantity. To this position of his, "that the privation of accent does not occasion a long syllable to become short," (if he means in our pronunciation) we cannot assent. We know that the *e* in *céler* is short, and the *i* in *sidus* is long, but we pronounce *celer* as if it were written *ceeler*. We know also that some distinction holds in *sidéribus* and *celériter*, but we make the first syllable of *sideribus* as short as possible; so thus, contrary to the rules of prosody, we make an accented vowel long when not supported by a consonant, as *ve-lim*, and short when supported even by two consonants, and consequently long by position, as *vellem*. In a word, we distinguish quantity not by the ear but the judgment, or rather by the memory, on which its rules are impressed by very forcible arguments while we are at school.

*The Wild Irish Boy.* By the Author of *Montorio*. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

It happens, not unfrequently, that an author suffers as much, if not more, by a comparison with himself (in reviewing the work of an Hibernian we may be allowed an Hibernism), as he could by a comparison with a rival. A reference to the past is often no less fatal to literary fame than to female beauty: the more beautiful the fair may have been, or the more talent the writer may have displayed, the more readily will any decay or falling off be discovered. Not that we intend to take the former production of the author, whom we now introduce to the notice of our readers, as a standard by which to measure the merits of the work at present under our consideration, though he has himself instituted the comparison; and in his dedication of the *Wild Irish Boy* to Lord Moira, tells his lordship that he has the honour to be the author of *Montorio*, which he himself prefers to the *Wild Irish Boy* for more reasons than that it gave him fourfold the trouble, and that, in his opinion, his lordship would be better employed if he would read *Montorio* instead of the work which he dedicates to him. This, to be sure, is rather an Irish sort of compliment; and unfortunately there is too much justice in the preference which he has expressed. We own that we were prepossessed in favour of the *Wild Irish Boy* by the pleasure which *Montorio* had afforded us: there was a genius, and strength, and fervour of imagination, approaching indeed to wildness and extravagance, about that work, which led us to expect from the same master a production of no inferior merit. How far these expectations have been answered will appear; but, as we said before, we shall not judge of it comparatively: a work should owe its reputation to nothing but its intrinsic me-

rits ; and fair criticism will desire no other evidence to ground its judgment on.

It should seem from his dedication that the author attaches to his work no common degree of importance. He inscribes it to Lord Moira, as being the avowed friend of Irishmen and Irish talent.

"Whether I possess talent or not," says he, "I cannot pronounce ; but as I have brought my claims before the public, it is natural that I should be anxious to have the question decided ; now by dedicating this book to you, the question must be decided ; for if it possess talent, it will (of course) secure your lordship's notice." P. vi.

This is coming rather hastily to a conclusion ; but we must not expect correct logic in a dedication. He adds,

"I am an Irishman, unnoticed and unknown ; a professional man without preferment, and an author without celebrity. No man covets obscurity, yet I would not willingly emerge from mine till I am called forth, and feel that I deserve to be called forth, that *society owes me something, and is solicitous to repay me, that I have a place and a name on earth.* ' *Ex fumo dare lucem,* ' I think an excellent motto for a man not indignant of concealment, but *not formed for concealment.*" P. vi.

Now if our author is sincerely resolved not to emerge from his obscurity till he is called forth, and expects to be called forth on account of his *Wild Irish Boy*, we apprehend he is likely to remain under a cloud a great while ; nor do we think that society will be readily induced to acknowledge him as a creditor, or be in any unfashionable hurry to pay. Before, however, we enter into a particular examination of his claims, it may be as well to state their general nature.

"My first work," says he, *preface*, p. ix. "was said to be too defective in female characters and female interest. I have tried



to remedy both defects ; I have introduced a sufficient number of females ; and if they are not interesting I cannot help them. Yet let me premise, that of love, I have never in my life read (what I conceived to be) an adequate representation ; it is therefore natural that I should despair of making one. Its folly, and fantasy, and fastidiousness ; its high, remote, incommunicable modes of feeling and expression ; its nice and subtle pleasures, its luxurious melancholy, its happiness that mocks mortality," (*Query*, morality) "and its despair that defies religion, seldom can, seldom ought to be represented.

"This novel from its title purports to give some account of a country little known. I lament I have not had time to say more of it ; my heart was full of it, but I was compelled by the laws of this mode of composition to consult the pleasure of my readers, not my own."

It is rather a curious way of consulting the pleasure of his readers to profess one thing and do another ; and we cannot help thinking that they would have been better entertained if he had given them what by his title they were led to expect, instead of glutting them with a new course of the trash on which they have already surfeited : a lounge in Bond-street, a phaeton tour in the Park, a masquerade with appropriate scenery, and a birth-day or birth-night, with dresses and decorations, accurately copied from the newspapers.

We are at a loss, indeed, to conceive why he gave his offspring the name of *the Wild Irish Boy*, unless he wished to pass him on the public for a brother of Miss Owen's *Wild Irish Girl* (whose merits, by the bye, he has endeavoured to depreciate), and hoped to share the popularity which she had justly acquired ; for the *Wild Irish Boy*, after all, is not a wild Irish boy, but is born in France, and educated in England ; his mother is an English woman, who, after having been in keeping with several gallants, lives successively with two Irish brothers,

one of whom she says is his father ; but if it be difficult in ordinary cases for a child to know his own father, the difficulty in this instance is certainly not diminished : so that the father of the Wild Irish Boy might, for ought that appears to the contrary, have been a Swiss porter or a French valet ; and he seems to be called an Irish boy for much the same reason as among the Romans a grove was called *lucus a non lucendo*. This objection, however, is slight compared with those which we have to urge. The work contains many passages which, considered in detail, display very considerable abilities, and are executed with force and spirit ; but as a whole it is disjointed, ill-conceived, and ill-conducted ; and, what is of much more importance, has a direct tendency to vitiate the morals of society, by giving a false, but fascinating, colouring to vice.

It is very evident that the author began to write without having even sketched an outline of what he should write about ; for in the progress of his work he is put to very awkward shifts to furnish his hero, who is supposed to tell his own story, with confidants.

First of all he is described as living in a wild solitude on the sea coast. He is about eighteen, very pale, and dejected, and melancholy, and all for the love of another man's wife, the mother of seven or eight children, and grandmother of a great many more. He never tells his love, however, to any but the lady herself, but hoards it up as a secret, which it was the business of his life to watch, and in the concealment of which life had been almost destroyed. One day he finds in a recess among the rocks (where he often went, when the tide was out, for shells) a letter, tied with a bunch of sea-weed, as if some Nereid had floated on a wave with it there. It is addressed to him, he opens it, and every day finds one in the same place. His invisible correspondent insists on a relation

of his life, and he complies. He deposits his papers every day in the same place where he finds the letters, and they are replaced the following day. In this pretty romantic manner he commences his narrative (which contains, by the way, more of opinions than events) from the day of his birth, and carries it on straight forward without interruption till, in fact, he has nothing more to tell. But this only brings us to a little beyond the middle of the second volume; and then the hero, without even taking leave of the correspondent to whom he has been so very communicative, flies from his solitude in quest of new materials to complete the three volumes. From this time he reports very regularly to his intimate friend all that occurs to him, most of which his friend knows as well as himself; but when he has discovered this friend to be treacherous, he is still so fond of story telling, that he keeps on with his tale, though we are at a loss to know to whom he addresses himself.

So palpably absurd, indeed, and inconvenient is the conduct of the fable, and so easily might the absurdity have been avoided or corrected, that we are absolutely puzzled to imagine any motive which could have induced the author to let it pass in its present state. But there is one part in particular with which we are convinced every reader of taste will be dissatisfied and disappointed.

The author has drawn a most interesting portrait of a young female catholic, to whom he gives the name of Elmaide St. Clair. He paints her glowing with youth, feeling, genius, and exquisite sensibility. The first seventy pages of his work are composed of letters written by her to a friend, in which she describes with all the touching eloquence of passion her love for the wild Irish boy, whom she sees by accident at Dublin. She hears of his passion, however, for the beautiful grandmother, *Lady Montrevor*, which he thought he had kept so secret, and



she thus bewails the hopelessness of her affection, and the unhappiness of his.

“ He saw her, and it is but necessary to see her, that all other objects may become indifferent ; it is easy to tell the effect of an interview between a wild Irish boy and a *veteran* woman of fashion, so interesting in the softness of retirement, and the dignity of solitary beauty. He is undone ; yes, I repeat it, he is undone. From the first moment I beheld him I knew he loved, that his love was hopeless, and that it was guilty. His face tells it all, but, oh ! tells it with an expression which divests despair of gloom, and guilt of criminality. He is undone, but who can wonder at him, or her, fevered with dissipation, and wearied with the insipid forms of fashion, what he must have appeared to her, so fresh a form, so young a mind, a single star of young morning brightness in the dark waste that surrounds her now. She must be irresistible ; and alone, all around her so rude, and savage, and solitary, a Calypso on a desert shore ! Cruel woman ! in the sport of her vanity, in the spleen of her solitude, she will trifle with what a fonder heart is breaking for ; she will treat him as a boy, he will love her like a man. When he finds he is abused, in the conflict of pride and love, he will rush into dissoluteness, or sink into dejection. His heart will be depraved or broken, his noble gentle heart—but mine will be cold first. Cruel woman ! she might have been content with the wreaths of conquest she had gathered in all the courts of Europe, without coming to the wilds of Ireland to tear my wild-briar-rose from me !” Vol. i. p. 45.

It is this Elmaide St. Clair who follows the wild Irish boy to his solitude ; it is she who is his invisible correspondent, or rather the invisible being to whom he narrates his story : yet after all this, when the author has done every thing to interest the feelings of his readers in her fate, and we are led to expect that she is to be a principal figure in the scene, he never even mentions her name, or alludes to her after the first seventy pages till the very end of his work, when he represents an abandoned woman of

fashion, in the agonies of death, as saying: "I had but one child—a daughter—she is no more.—Elmaide St. Clair is dead—she died for love!" V. iii. p. 387. And this is not the only instance in which he has trifled with his readers, mocking and tantalizing them with expectations which he either never intended, or was too careless to gratify.

It might be objected also, that the author has unnecessarily run counter to popular prejudices, and offended against the rules of taste, by deducing the birth of his hero from a source of such disgusting depravity; a mother passing through all the stages of prostitution, and from her incestuous commerce with two brothers scarce able to ascertain the paternity of her children; a mother who beheld those children daily without ever confessing herself by a word or look to be their parent, and who robbed them, while their supposed father lay dead, to elope with his miserable old valet. But this is only a branch of the stream of immorality which runs through the whole work: our limits will not permit us to trace all its windings; the following slight sketch may give some idea of its course.

Ormsby Bethel, the hero of his own tale, no sooner hears of the lovely grandmother, Lady Montrevor, than he becomes enamoured. He sees her, and is instantly on fire with emotions he does not understand; in solitude and society he beholds only the brilliant enchantress: he believed there was no more of crime in fixing his whole soul upon her image than upon a picture or a statue, and as little danger; for he did not think it possible seriously to love a married woman. He is soon, however, convinced of the possibility. His second interview with the enchanting matron is at a ball given at Montrevor House; he floats with her through the dance; every circumstance and expression that a brilliant imagination can suggest are la-

wished in profusion to describe her voluptuous and luxurious beauty, and the exquisite grace of her motions. She quits the dance abruptly; he follows through several rooms: she enters a recess feebly illuminated, and almost filled with roses. We will extract the description of this scene.

“ She sunk in a seat, neither of us spoke; my heart beat audibly; she was beside me so beautiful in silence and thought, so beautiful in partial shade and surrounding odours. I spoke first—my mind was burning, but my voice was trembling. I knew not what I said—something about the roses, their fragrance, and their foliage, and the light that trembled through them, a shadowy and mellow ray like moonlight. ‘ Yes,’ said she absently, ‘ able to chase all sadness, all sadness but despair.’ I was flushed and daring with indulgence—‘ What a word is despair for such lips as those to utter!’ ‘ It is the only one they are accustomed to utter in solitude.’ I caught at the last word—‘ This solitude was formed for other sounds—this place may seem for lovers’ leisure made!’ My senses were inflamed with wine and voluptuous motion; my forehead was throbbing, and my heart too with wild and luxurious emotions of sorrow and love. I fell at her feet: I said all that passion, and solitude, and seventeen, suggested.”  
Vol. II. p. 43.

They retire, however, *innocently* from the recess, and as the lover crosses the gallery he meets the husband, who had been listening at the entrance of the recess for the last half-hour; but he thinks not of the husband, nor cares what he may think of him.

There are more scenes of the same description, but the lady proves less yielding than he had hoped, and therefore he flies to Dublin and plunges himself in dissoluteness, in the hope of banishing her from his memory. His uncle, who mistakes the object of his passion, and imagines that he loves the daughter instead of the mother, proposes an alliance between them, which is accepted.



Ormsby is sent for, he suffers himself to be married, and consoles himself with thinking that he shall be able to see the mother of his wife daily without interruption and without reproach. This beautiful mother-in-law, indeed, seems rather to resent his supposed inconstancy: but she gives him an opportunity of exculpating himself—he finds her in the bed-room of his wife, who is asleep.

“ I only thought of the opportunity, and that it might never return: even had my passion been extinguished, I owed an explanation to my honour. But it was not, and while I gazed on her lovely forehead and brows, which were all I could see as she bent over the table, and motion of her white fingers, I felt an agony of passion that almost made me incapable of reason. I had rather have been permitted to gaze on her thus for ever, than to have folded in my arms all the beauty of the earth. I leaned on the table; I covered my face with my hand; the tears burst from my eyes; they dropt on the paper. She raised her head, ‘ Mr. Bethel, what am I to understand by this ? ’ ‘ That I am miserable. ’ ‘ You are at least inexplicable. ’ ‘ Is it possible you can believe—have you so little knowledge of the human heart; of mine, whose inmost recesses you know. ’ ‘ I know nothing—what can I think ? I thought when first I saw Alchzo’s tears, I knew their meaning well; but when I find them shed for my daughter, what am I to think ? you know I had no hand to give to dry them with. ’ Her softness gave me breath, gave me composure. I begged her to listen to me. ‘ No, no, no, not now, it is no matter, I cannot listen, I ought not to listen. ’ ‘ You ought, you must, in justice, in mercy; by heaven you shall listen, or you make me wild. ’ ‘ Hush, you will waken Attanasia. ’ ‘ No matter, *she must be awakened some time or other.* ’ I grasped her hand, I held her by force, I told her all in a voice of suppression and agony.—A long pause ensued.—‘ This is all very extraordinary,’ said she, ‘ I must believe you—I must pity you—but we must think of this no more—I was too much pleased with

you, perhaps: if I was, I am sufficiently punished for it.  
Vol. II. p. 294.

It is unnecessary to comment on such a scene as this; there are others like it, and yet the author can say, (Vol. II. p. 3.) that he exhibits them, that their consequences may warn, not corrupt; that such errors, as he calls them, are errors of feeling, not of conduct, that he displays them, that the more terrible consequences of practical deviations may be inferred. Now even if it were not true, that it is the intent and not the act which constitutes the crime, and even to admit that to familiarize the mind with descriptions of vice does not make its enormity gradually less apparent, the work is not defensible on the very ground, on which the author has attempted to justify it. He has exerted all his genius, and of genius and imagination he possesses no small share, to render the characters of Lady Montrever and Ormsby splendid and fascinating, yet no ill consequence whatever results from their criminal attachment; unless the author considers a wife an evil of such magnitude, that his hero is sufficiently punished for loving the mother by a union with her amiable daughter; but since there are many who will think otherwise, and look on such a wife as Attanasia rather as a reward than punishment, the work must be regarded as offering a direct encouragement to vice; as such we most seriously condemn; and we reprobate it the more as a waste and perversion of no common abilities.

*Piccadilly Ambulator, or Old Q.* By J. P. Hurstone,  
Esq. Hughes.

"Thou, too, art like the spirit of *Sedley*! down—

Thy *title* sears mine eyeballs, and thy air

————— is like the first :

A third is like the former—filthy *squires*

Why do you shew me this. A fourth, a fifth!

————— I'll see no more."—MACBETH.

Another 'squire turned author! or is it an author turned 'squire? Verily these Messieures Hugheses ought to be knights, for they have more 'squires in their service, than even the *modern* knight of Blackfriars. Whoever, or whatever, he may be, Mr. Hurstone very carefully informs us in page 4, that he is a satirist and moralist; and it is very fortunate he does so, else we should never have suspected that the man who could dedicate such a work "to the rising generation," was either one or the other.

"Vice and folly, whatever shapes they assume, are, and invariably have been, fit marks against which to level the shafts of satire, more especially," &c. Most certainly Mr. H.; and surely nothing but *vice and folly* could have given origin to such a work as this. Our great moralist, Johnson, when asked some absurd question about Scotch *whisky*, replied, that he would be sorry to assist in making *poison palatable*; but this compiler of trite anecdote seems anxious to dress up his oft told tale in all the meretricious ornaments of bombast and affected sentiment. Let us not be told that such works as these give us a knowledge of the world; for whatever tends to diminish our disgust for vice, must be pernicious to our love of virtue; and here it is doubly so, as the modest and simple youth is tempted to read, under the disguise of a novel, sentiments and anecdotes which he would blush to hear recited,



Mr. H. follows the old plan of disguising names, so as to cheat the lawyers, without shrouding them from the conception of the most ignorant, and though he makes a parade of his candour, yet even his flattery must be disgusting to his friend old Q. unless indeed that love for notoriety should be his *ruling* passion.

A few gambling and Newmarket anecdotes, which every body has heard of, fill up the greatest part of the first volume, added to which we have a love adventure, for whose *plot* we are doubtless indebted to the surprising tales of Mrs. Behn, or some equally valuable volume, from the circulating library.

The hoards of forgotten scandal are again opened to *instruct the rising generation*, by some shameful anecdotes, which, even if true, can afford no amusement to any but the ignorant, or the grossly sensual; we have here some silly tales of a certain *royal* quaker, and the Joe Miller stories of the Duchess of Kingston; the latter of which afford this *industrious* writer an opportunity of throwing out some sarcasms against boarding schools; and, with some little appearance of justice, he shews the improprieties attendant upon the peripatetic exhibitions of the fair pupils at some of these, even the most fashionable.—We will not give publicity, even by analysis, to such trash, which would be unworthy even the *lash* of the Satirist, were it not that, however contemptible its plan or execution, it is still presented in such a form as to be highly pernicious to the young of both sexes. Our *modest* author, in his introduction, confesses it is not for the *use*, but for the *amusement* of his readers *only*, that he presents it to the world; and his *accurate* knowledge of that world, may be drawn from this *last* quotation. “We will venture to assert, in confirmation of the validity of our opinion, that the number of married men discontented with their situation far exceeds that of batchelors in the

same situation ! !” And this—this is a moral writer for the rising generation !

Æsop’s cock, while scratching his dunghill, is said to have found a *diamond* ; how different the fate of a reviewer, who is often obliged to wade through all the mud of literature, in search even of the glittering of French paste, or *Bristol* stones ; of the latter, indeed, there is a sufficient sprinkling in this hotch-potch of scandal and obscurity, and we lament it the more, as affectation of sentiment and liberality is too apt to prepossess the inexperienced and generous mind in favour of opinions which, if presented to view in their naked deformity, could only inspire disgust.

*Free and Important Thoughts on the Dangers to be apprehended from the increase of Sectaries in this Kingdom, and the Evils arising from the want of Places of Worship for the lower Orders of the Community. By a Cordial Approver of the Doctrines, and a Well-wisher to the Prosperity of the Church of England. Taylor and Hessey, Fleet Street, and Hatchard, Piccadilly, pp. 84, price three shillings.*

We know not why the author of this admirable pamphlet should have concealed his name, for it is a work which must command the applause of every true friend of religion and his country. The causes and consequences of the alarming increase of those deluded and ignorant people, the methodists, are discussed in a masterly style, and we have great pleasure in recommending this entertaining and instructive work to the notice of our readers, as containing matter worthy the most serious considerations of the legislature.

## THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

If our theatrical strictures are not so elaborate as in our former numbers, our readers must not attribute the circumstance to relaxation of our exertions, but to dearth of matter worthy the critic's notice.

No novelty has appeared at either of our theatres since the last, excepting such as were produced at benefits, which do not deserve the attention of our readers, unless adopted as stock-pieces by the managers. We shall, however, briefly notice one or two of this description. At the OPERA-HOUSE a dull pice in one act, called "*Gli Amanti Consolati*," was performed for the benefit of Madame Catalani, who introduced a bravura, which she sang with her usual effect: she also exhibited some most graceful and bewitching attitudes with Miss Gayton, which were loudly applauded and enthusiastically *encored*. Madame Catalani did not attempt any of the indecent distortions which are too frequently practised by the *corps de ballet*, on the contrary, she successfully endavoured to display the human form in all the captivating images of modest grace, and appeared anxious to gratify the refined tastes of the statuary and the painter, without exciting the passions of the libertine and the sensualist. Miss Gayton performed *Parisot's* character in the ballet of *the Fille Sauvage*, and the piece lost nothing by the exchange; she is really, as yet, a modest, and an admirable little dancer. Why Deshayes, who danced in the divertissement, thought proper not to perform in the ballet, we are at a loss to imagine: his wife, we believe, was unwell, but surely a slight disorder in *her head* was no reason why he should refuse to exert his *heels*, particularly as he had an hour before given sufficient proofs that they were neither affected with gout nor palsy.

At DRURY-LANE Mr. Skeffington's play of "*the Mysterious Bride*," has been performed for divers benefits; it is taken from the French, and by far the best effusion of his dramatic muse.

This author, being a man of fashion and a gentleman, (too characters not always united) has been selected by the *minor critics* as a fit object for the exercise of their severity. We allow that his "*Sleeping Beauty*" was sufficiently *soporific*, and we have no objection to join in laughing at and ridiculing his eccentricities of dress and manner, but we by no means think the production of a dull melo-drame a con-



clusive proof of a man's total deficiency of talent, nor that his wearing white breeches and party-coloured waistcoats evinces an ungenerous or an unamiable disposition. We know that Mr. Skeffington possesses much good nature and much goodness of heart, and can therefore laugh at, without being disgusted by, his harmless, though certainly ridiculous, propensities.

The LITTLE HAYMARKET THEATRE opened with Mr. M. G. Lewis's (*the hobgoblin dramatist*) interesting absurdity, ycleped *the Castle Spectre*; and Mrs. Bellamy, wife of Mr. B. of Covent-garden theatre, made her first appearance in the part of *Angela*. The character is in itself a most *unnatural* attempt at *nature*, and not at all calculated to display the natural talents of an actress; we must, therefore, still consider Mrs.\* B. in a state of probation. Mr. Young performed *Osmond*, as he does every thing, well; but we regretted seeing him in such an insignificant part. The company, with the exception of the *fair* novelty above noticed, are nearly the same as last year. Mr. Winston, *alias* Mr. Bown, *alias* the Baron de Truin, still continues arch-tormentor and chief manager. Mr. Wharton still waddles about in regal robes; Mr. J. Palmer still *looks unutterable things* as a lover; and Mr. Grove still whines and wheezes as the *feeble* representative of decrepid age.

A new farce, from the French; and a play from the pen of our favourite Colman, will, we understand, be produced before the expiration of July.

In our next we shall immolate one or two outrageous diurnal critics, who have, by their prejudices and partialities, degraded their sacred office.

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\* Since writing the above Mrs. Bellamy has played *Mrs. Haller* in *the Stranger*; ; but there was nothing worthy of remark in her performance, except that her petticoats were so extremely scanty, that one of her imprisoned knees burst through its slender confinement.

## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

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*Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?*—POPE.

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1. *Saul*, a Poem, by William Sotheby.

"This work is the work of one who possesses poetical taste and feeling. There is\* *delicacy* and *grace* in many of the descriptions, and an *elaborate beauty* in the diction. There is\* *sweetness* and *delicacy* in many passages, and an air of *elegance* throughout."—Edinburgh Review.

"This is a production of *unquestionable* merit.—No candid person will hesitate to say that it contains a LARGE INFUSION of the *genuine SPIRIT OF POETRY*, and *many* specimens of *fine writing*."—British Critic, and Preface.†

"The structure of the language, the character of the thoughts, the spirit of the whole composition, is purely lyrical; abounding with every *figure of speech* and *flight of sentiment* for which the most *daring and irregular Pindarics* have been distinguished. The

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\* *Is!* a *maximus* error AGAIN and AGAIN, learned Edinburgh Reviewers! See the note in page 95 of our first volume.—SATIRIST.

† Perhaps we ought to have explained before, to such of our readers as are not very conversant with the Reviews, the purport of this reference, and another of the same sort. Exclusively of the distinct criticisms in the monthly numbers, in which each work noticed forms the subject of a separate article, the Critical Review gives every four months (in its Appendix) what it calls a Digest of Literature, and the British Critic every six months a Preface, both recapitulating the principal works examined since the last retrospect of the kind, and repeating a summary judgment on each. In our ordinary practice, we are averse to burden and disfigure our pages with a multitude of minute citations of *chapter and verse*; and accordingly give only such titles and references as, except in the cases here explained, are sufficient, with the usual indexes of the reviews and magazines, to enable any person who desires it, easily to verify the correctness of our extracts.

language is *elegantly select* and *dignified*; the *metre* is *artfully various*, and often *musical*."—Eclectic Review.

"They who prefer to have their literary thirst quenched by a LITTLE of the SPIRIT OF POETRY diluted with a *large dose* of *prosaic verse*, will be exactly suited by Mr. Sotheby. As for ourselves, we are not partial to *water-gruel poetry*. If Mr. Sotheby meant to exhibit a specimen of his own *patience*, and to exercise that of his reader, he has succeeded. His *Saul* is a *heavy* and *nerveless poem*. We are *surprised* that, in this fastidious age, he could persuade himself that such a production would gratify the poetic reader. It is *so slightly* raised above *mere prose*, that most readers will prefer the simplicity of the Bible-narration to this new-fashioned scripture.—If Mr. Sotheby had written thus" [as in the Dedication] "throughout, the reader would not have exclaimed as now he probably will, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'"—Monthly Review.

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2. The *Metamorphoses* of Publius Ovidius Naso, in English Blank Verse; translated by J. J. Howard.

"Of all the classical poets, perhaps there is none more *unsuitable* for a *blank-verse* translator than Ovid: the nature of his subject, and especially the quality of his style, decidedly point out the luxurious, the lively, the polished *couplet*, as the dress in which he should be arrayed."—Eclectic Review.

"We were prepared to welcome a new version of this early favourite, but it was not without surprise that we found it executed in *blank verse*. To represent the Ovidian graces, the *couplet*, the language, and the manner, of Dryden and Pope, appear to us *peculiarly adapted*. Though the disappointment of this expectation, then, might produce some prepossession against Mr. Howard's attempt, still it was not strong enough to have prevented our

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\* We must add this instance to the evidence which we have given in page 316 of our first volume, that the grave Monthly Reviewers are *actually* growing *witty*! When will miracles and metamorphoses cease?



perceiving and admitting his success in it, if he had succeeded; but we are sorry to say, that in our opinion he has *failed*.—The only advantage of blank verse over rhyme, in a work like this, (viz. the increased facility which it gives of following the original with perfect *fidelity*,) appears to us to be *thrown away* in the very opening of the book.”—Monthly Review.

“Mr. Howard’s attempt was bold, yet in several difficult and beautiful passages it has been *far from unsuccessful*. A translation of the *Metamorphoses* into *blank verse* was *desirable*, on account of the singular elasticity of that species of verse, which enables it to imitate at once suitably and closely, with freedom and precision. *Fidelity* may be deemed the prevailing characteristic of Mr. Howard’s performance.”—Critical Review.

### 3. Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching; by a Barrister.

A Letter to a Barrister, in Answer to his “Hints, &c.” By Robert Hawker, D. D.

“We have read these Hints with a lively interest; and presume we may congratulate the public, and every friend of rational religion and good order, upon having found *an able advocate* in their cause, against that wild rant, and those methodistic doctrines, which confound right and wrong, good and evil, till all moral distinction is lost. The author, like a *candid logician*,” &c.—Universal Magazine.

“The author of the Hints has *commendably* employed himself in endeavouring to rouse the sensible part of the public to a consideration of the mischiefs which he apprehends the cause of morality and practical religion is sustaining from the labours of these ‘evangelical preachers;’ and by the evidence which is here produced, he makes out, to use the language of his profession, a *very strong case* against them.”—Monthly Review.

“We feel much obliged, and we think that the community at large will be much obliged, to the author of this *excellent pamphlet* [the Hints], for the *clear and striking* exposition which he has given of the effects of what is called evangelical preaching, on the habits and sentiments of those who have not wisdom enough

to detect the fallacy, nor virtue to resist the lure. The extracts which we have made from this pamphlet will prove that it is written with *ability and eloquence*. We cannot conclude without earnestly recommending this pamphlet, which is *full of good sense*, good religion, good morals, and *good writing*, to the attention of the public."—"The reverend doctor [Hawker] has endeavoured to elude the charge of the Barrister by *extraneous observations*, by *self-sufficient egotism*, and *oblique but invidious personalities*. The attack which the Barrister has made on the very citadel of 'evangelical' delusion, appears to us *incapable of being repelled* even by so able and expert a general officer in the service of methodism as Dr. Hawker."—Critical Review.

"The class of dissenters who have taken to themselves the title of 'evangelical,' were never yet so *completely stript* of their *holy disguise*, and *exposed* before the public eye, as by this *acute and eloquent* writer [the Barrister]. He has a *shrewdness* which *nothing can escape*; and his *powers of reasoning* are so *irresistible*, that all evasion and subterfuge fall before it. He is a *perfect master* of his subject, and treats it with all that *logical closeness* peculiar to the profession to which he belongs. The style is *nervous and impressive*, at the same time that it preserves all that *clearness and perspicuity* which is the charm of *eloquence*. The writer surveys his subject with a *penetrating eye*, and delineates it with a *masterly hand*."—Oxford Review.

"Of all the endeavours to hold up to ridicule those doctrines which have been termed 'evangelical,' the present [the Hints] is perhaps the *most contemptible*. The author has *not sufficient knowledge* of the *matter* on which he writes, to avoid the *grossest violations* of piety and *common sense*; nor of the *language* in which he writes, to shun the *most shameful misapplication* of its terms, and *infringement* of its *grammatical rules*. His pamphlet consists of *garbled extracts* from the productions of writers, both in and out of the establishment, whom he has somehow learnt to call Evangelical, thrown together in true *chaotic disorder*, and directed to renew the threadbare scandal, that evangelical doctrines tend to licentiousness of morals. Such is the *miserable scribbler* who takes upon him to offer to the public and the legislature his

Hints, not on the nature and effects of Evangelical preaching, for of these he is *absolutely ignorant*, but on his own perversions of those terms."—"That a pamphleteer so *objectly despicable* as the Barrister should be honoured with a prompt reply from respectable writers, is more to the credit we think of their zeal than of their wisdom. Dr. Hawker has treated his unworthy writer with a *calm and superior dignity* which belongs to conscious uprightness."—Eclectic Review.\*

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\* A late periodical publication, in its criticism on the "Hints" of the Barrister, after observing that the Eclectic Review was instituted by the evangelical fraternity for the purpose of reviewing their own writings, adds (apparently as a quotation from the Barrister's pamphlet) "A Middlesex magistrate, but a short time since, had some difficulty in rejecting the application of a mean despicable wretch, for a licence to *preach*, who, upon being questioned what profession he followed, proved to be a *bellows-blower to a forge*, and was so shockingly illiterate that he could not even tell the *letters of the alphabet*. The following is a list of persons who have recently obtained *preaching-licences* at the New Sessions-house, Clerkenwell: Mr. Norton, dealer in old clothes; Mr. Wilson, grinder; Mr. Timothy Hinds, sheep's-head seller; Mr. Saunder's, coach-painter; Mr. Colston, pressman; Mr. O—, mangle-maker; Mr. Downes, glazier; Mr. Hickup, footman to J. G. esq.; Mr. Staunton, tooth-drawer, peruke-maker, and phlebotomist; Mr. Matthews, bookseller; Mr. Parry, breeches-maker."—We are glad that the batteries of the press have lately been opened anew against methodism, and that some recent publications have drawn the general attention of our literary journals to the subject. An excellent and highly interesting article is contained in No. XXII. of the Edinburgh Review, as a criticism on Ingram's Causes of the Increase of Methodism and Dissension.

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#### ERRATA IN No. IX.

Page 392, note, for "*specta*," read *spreta*."

Page 443, l. 14, for "*sidum*," read "*sidus*."



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